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APRIL 15, 1983

Wm. F. Buckley Jr. on
REAGAN AND RELIGION
—See page 456

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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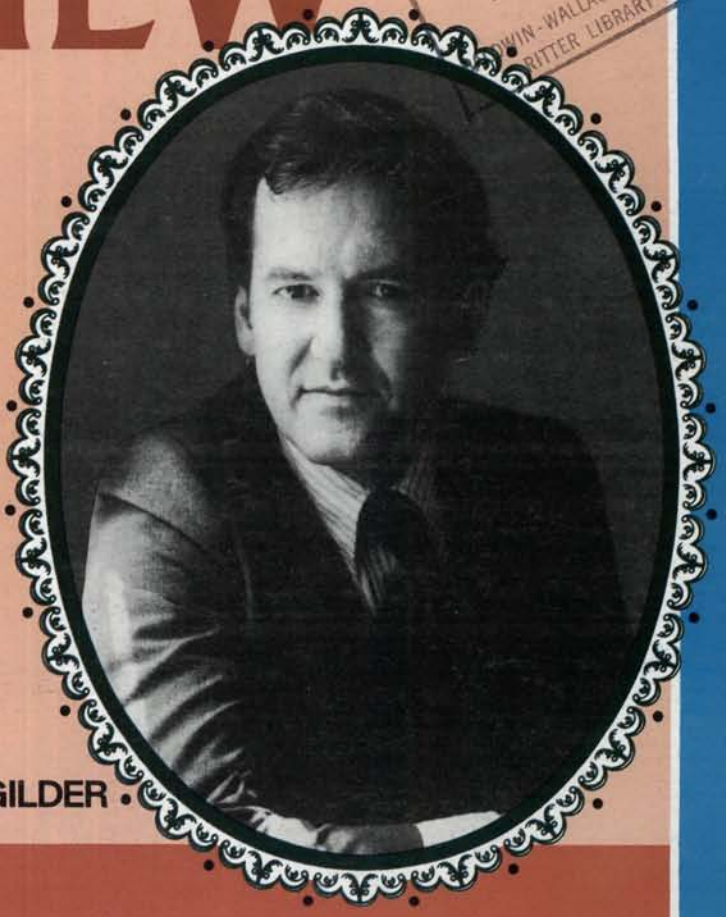
Family, Faith, and Economic Progress



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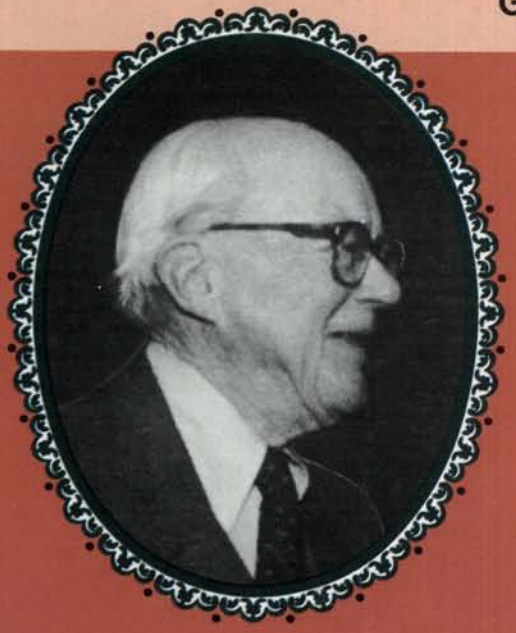

The Political Thought of James Burnham

BY BRIAN CROZIER

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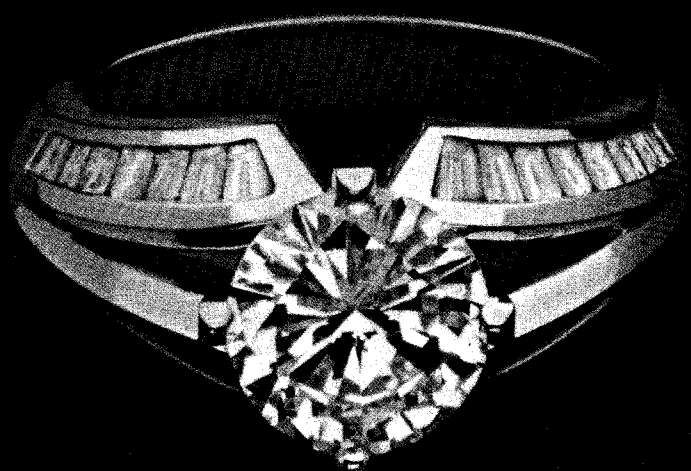
Show her she's the reason it's never been lonely at the top.

Your jeweler can show you many extraordinary diamond solitaires of a carat or more. The ring shown features a 1.67 carat brilliant cut diamond.



A carat or more—one in a million.

Every diamond is rare.
But of all diamonds found, a solitaire of a carat or more is only one in a million.

And, like love, becomes more precious with time.

A miracle among miracles.
Born from the earth. Reborn on a woman.

The extraordinary diamond of a carat or more.

Show the world you couldn't have made it without her.

A diamond is forever. De Beers

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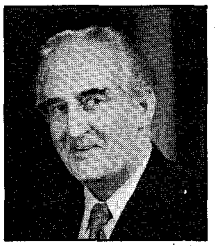

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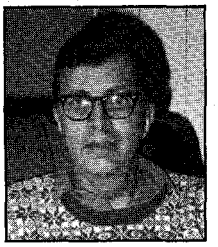

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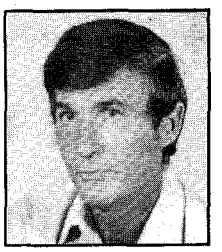

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424 High Noon for Withholding
Let's hear it, conservatives, for withholding on interest and dividends! And a special hand, please, for Bob Dole! *John McLaughlin*

426 Greed (and Envy)
Notes on the most over- (and under-) rated vices in America today. *Tom Bethell*

427 Family, Faith, and Economic Progress
An expert, said Chesterton, is one who knows all the facts and misses all the significance. We have turned our experts loose on the inner cities; Sweden is entirely ruled by experts. The lesson is there for anyone with imagination to gather: "Economics without a soul" is no substitute for the elemental social affections that motivate people to venture bravely into the future. In short, capitalism is based on love. *George Gilder*

434 The Political Thought of James Burnham
"The Third World War began in April 1944." James Burnham wrote those words in 1946, while Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn was still in Gulag. Following the lead of his "Machiavellian" masters, Burnham continued, for three decades, to be unforgivably right, unforgivably early. The liberal establishment banished him, like Cordelia, for seeing delusive words as deeds of a special order; NATIONAL REVIEW gratefully featured him through its first quarter-century. It is our pride to have done so. *Brian Crozier*

439 Russia's Radio Putsch
Since 1929 Radio Moscow has poured billions of rubles' worth of anti-American propaganda into the airwaves. Today it delivers 2,094 program-hours a week in 82 languages—gentle lib-talk in English, vituperative Leninese in Third World tongues. It's paid off. *Christopher Perzanowski*

441 Black, Blue, Red, Green
West Germany's election was bad news for the Vogels, good for the West. But now the Kohl government will have to deal with the Greens in parliament. *Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn*

Books Arts & Manners

442 In *After Long Silence*, Michael Straight confesses all without admitting much. He seems to feel that inasmuch as he wasn't a *good* spy, to be a spy for the Soviet Union couldn't have been so very bad. **John P. Roche** finds the explanation unsatisfactory. . . . Lyndon Johnson was, as of 1945, a greedy, climbing, overbearing, unscrupulous SOB, says Robert Caro. **Francis Russell** reports. . . . FDR was neither liberal nor conservative, ideologue nor even pragmatist; just a politician, says **Forrest McDonald**, reviewing a new bio. . . . **Donald Hall** stands amazed before Lewis Hyde's *The Gift*. . . . **Selden Rodman** assays new books about two Polish heroes, Paderewski and Schindler. . . . **Ralph de Toledano** hails old jazz in new vessels. . . . **D. Keith Mano** continues the history of stickball.

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Letters

Praise Polovchak

It was with great interest that I read "The Littlest Defector," by Ludmilla Thorne [March 18].

In 1949, my brother and I, who were 17½ and 15½ respectively, were studying in Hong Kong. The previous year, we had studied in the United States. Somehow, my father decided that both of us should go back to China. Knowing full well that the Communist army was approaching Shanghai, I did not want to go back—even though I did not really comprehend what life was like under the Communist regime. But at the age of 15½, I had no choice but to go back. Two months after our return to Shanghai, the Communist army entered the city.

For years I tried to leave, but I was never granted an exit visa. In 1956, I found an illegal way to leave, and I left for Hong Kong alone. I have not been back since. During the Cultural Revolution, both my parents and my brother were arrested—my father even committed suicide.

What I want to say is, at the age of 15½ I knew what I wanted, but unfortunately my opinion did not count, as I was considered too young to know what was good for me. I admire Walter Polovchak's courage, and I wish him well in his new life in the United States.

Terence J. Fu
New York, N.Y.

Handling Assumptions

In the March 18 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, you printed a letter from a mother unfortunate enough to have a homosexual son. She wrote approvingly of homosexuals, intimating that they should not be regarded as degenerate.

She irked me when, referring to Joseph Sobran's review "Summa of Inversion" [Feb. 18], she stated: "Therefore, I must protest their righteous assumption: Homosexuals are sinners . . ."

I would like to refer this woman to the Bible, Romans 1:24-32, wherein it says:

"And so God has given those people over to do the filthy things their hearts desire, and they do shameful things with each other. They exchange the truth about God for a lie; they worship and serve what God has created instead of the Creator himself, who is to be praised forever. Amen.

"Because they do this, God has given them over to shameful passions. Even the women pervert the natural use of their sex by unnatural acts. In the same way the men give up natural sexual relations with women and burn with passion for each other. Men do shameful things with each other, and as a result they bring upon themselves the punishment they deserve for their wrongdoing.

". . . They know that God's law says that people who live in this way deserve death. Yet, not only do they continue to do these very things, but they even approve of others who do them."

I respectfully submit that the "righteous assumption" about homosexuals' being sinners is well founded.

George G. Martin
Floyd, Va.

New, Better Math

I first read about John Saxon's "incremental development" algebra textbook in NATIONAL REVIEW, October 16, 1981. After obtaining a copy, I took it to the local school district's curriculum office for its consideration. A pilot study is under way this year. The teacher is ecstatic with the student response and with the pleasure of teaching from this book. The difference between the old text and Saxon's is astounding. The students in the pilot study are well beyond the others.

I have noticed the ad for this algebra text in recent issues of NATIONAL REVIEW, and I would encourage concerned parents and citizens to try a similar approach. No salesman or promotion department will supply the school districts with a complimentary copy for comparison. Individuals must do the job. Time is of the essence, as purchases occur in March and April for the following year.

Our students deserve the best: enthusiastic teachers provided with outstanding texts.

Darcy F. Halloran
Bothell, Wash.

We will shortly be publishing a piece by Mr. Saxon on the destruction of mathematical education in America. —KL

Business Debacle

As a corporate attorney familiar with the mysterious world of the Environmental Protection Agency, I am surprised by the hue and cry over the "scandal" at the EPA, and more so by the comments of John McLaughlin [March 18].

Many of the legislative enactments enforced by the EPA are unwieldy, inequitable, ambiguous, and, in short, practically unenforceable. The present situation at EPA headquarters is not a scandal but rather the inevitable result of the application, by bureaucracy, of the liberal environmental agenda. I do not wish to

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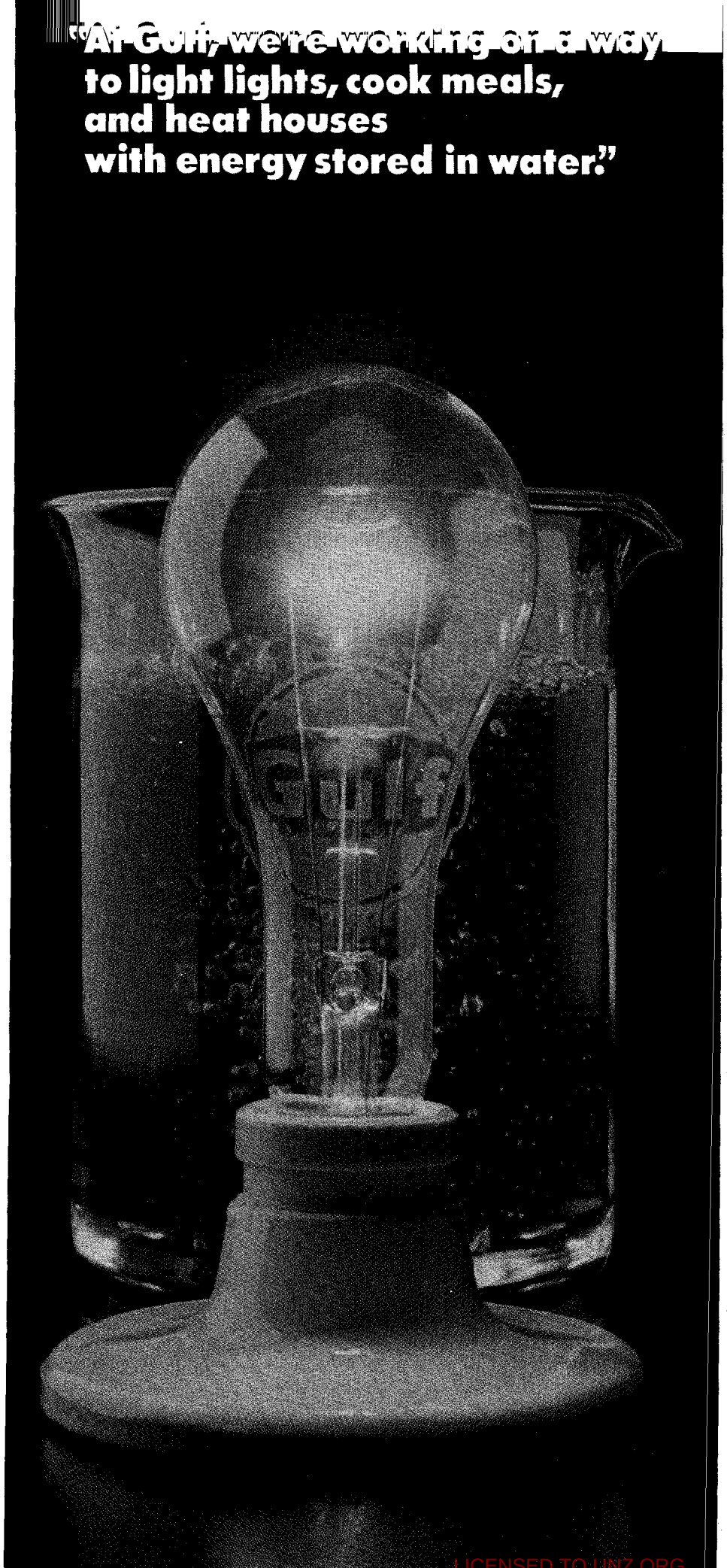
"At Gulf, we're working on a way to light lights, cook meals, and heat houses with energy stored in water."



"You probably remember from grade-school science that water is two parts hydrogen and one part oxygen," says Dr. John Norman.

"Here at General Atomic Company, a subsidiary of the Gulf Oil Corporation, a project is under way in cooperation with the Department of Energy to extract hydrogen from water for use as a fuel: for heating, cooking, or anything that now uses petroleum or natural gas.

"There are 326 million cubic miles of water on earth, and hydrogen in every drop–a natural energy resource that won't run out."

"The extraction process is called thermochemical water-splitting. We know it works because we've done it. But it takes high temperatures–about 1600° F–so it's rather expensive.

"It may be the turn of the century before it becomes commercial. But it's an attractive idea. Hydrogen from a gallon of water has about half as much energy as there is in a gallon of gasoline.

"Hydrogen can be made into a liquid or gaseous fuel. It can be transmitted long distances more cheaply than electricity. And when hydrogen burns, it's converted back into water. Very tidy."

At Gulf, our first priority is to get all the oil and natural gas we can out of resources right here in America. But we're working on a lot of other ideas, too. Thermochemical water-splitting is just one of them. Because basically the business we are in is energy for tomorrow.

Gulf

Gulf people: energy for tomorrow.

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minimize the need for an environmental-protection policy predicated on the actual liability of waste generators, but the Comprehensive Environmental Response, Compensation, and Liability Act of 1980, known to the world as Superfund, serves only to dispense moneys on an inequitable basis motivated in many cases by state politics.

Let me give an example. A corporation is formed to process hazardous waste. A number of waste generators contract with the new corporation to utilize its services. Business is good—so good, in fact, that it is unable to process all the waste. Through mismanagement the corporate funds are exhausted, and the corporation ceases doing business, abandoning the waste site. The EPA, through an agent, usually the state government, arrives on the scene and finds four thousand drums of waste. Alas, it finds no corporate records. Among the four thousand drums are four hundred from one Fortune 500 company. No other generator is represented by more than fifty drums. Superfund moneys are used to hire a local concern to undertake a surface clean-up, generally at an inflated cost. Expensive studies are done, concluding that costly ground-water protection is required. To recover the cost of clean-up, past and future, and of the studies, the EPA files suit—but only against the companies it thinks it can easily collect from, including the Fortune 500 one. The liability is not pro-rated according to actual volume of material, but rather full recovery is sought, because the parties are "jointly and severally liable."

The potential judgment in this situation will be far in excess of the actual liability of those generators that are identified, especially those that have "deep pockets." The EPA appears, however, to want to avoid litigation under Superfund. There is always the possibility that a judge might construe the statute narrowly, limiting or precluding liability on the part of the corporation most able to pick up the tab. The enforcement policy of the EPA cannot withstand judicial scrutiny. Therefore, there is a strong incentive for the EPA to accept settlement, the total value of which may be less than the actual Superfund expenditure. To the media this may constitute a "sweetheart deal."

Mr. McLaughlin seems to feel that the problem is political. I can assure you that the problem is, in fact, a real-world nightmare for business.

Bryce MacDonald
Worthington, Ohio

Did Algebra Have Your Number When You Were in School?

If so you weren't alone. And it's still giving students nightmares; still causing even good students to avoid higher math; causing frustration among the best of teachers. Why?

Simply put, algebra is the basic language of all mathematics beyond simple arithmetic, and the problem begins (and too often ends) with the initial exposure to the subject. After one year of algebra, as it is currently being taught, few students are adequately prepared to handle courses involving more advanced mathematics of any kind. And they know it. So they don't take them. And we're faced with a shortage of people possessing the very skills necessary to make a modern technological society work.

But one man, believe it or not, has discovered a way to turn this situation around. As *Time* magazine reported (December 21, 1981), West Pointer John Saxon has written a new textbook that has achieved astonishing results.

The book, a synthesis of traditional practice and drill with the fundamentals of modern algebraic theory, is now being used in over five hundred school systems, where it has increased students' algebra scores dramatically.

The basic textbook, Algebra 1, has now been supplemented by two others —Algebra 1½, a follow-on book; and Algebra ½, a pre-algebra book—the three intended to be used in series. The books are available now at prices and locations listed below. This is a wonderful opportunity (perhaps a challenge?) for all concerned schools, teachers, parents, and *students*. Act now.

Algebra 1
*$10.88 plus handling = $13.00
**$14.51 plus handling = $16.63

Algebra 1½
*$11.88 plus handling = $14.00
**$15.51 plus handling = $17.63

Algebra ½
*$ 9.00 plus handling = $11.22
**$12.00 plus handling = $14.12

**Prices subject to change without notice.*
***All others*

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Crowning Blow

A recent lunch-hour conversation developed into a heated debate concerning Japanese trade barriers and the proper U.S. response. My adversary contended retaliatory protectionist measures were necessary; I argued for free trade. Capitalism *v.* socialism; the free market *v.* government intervention—it's a game I like to play and win. I should not have played, however, without properly warming up first, but I could not resist taking the plunge. I rolled up my sleeves and began slugging it out, but was unable to deliver a knock-out punch. The final bell rang; lunch hour was over. I had lost.

Sound the bugle, here comes the cavalry, the latest NATIONAL REVIEW has just arrived. I "worked out" all night with Anthony Harrigan ["Needed: A Strategic Economic Policy," March 4] as a sparring partner, and with Walter Olson ["Don't Slam the Door"] in my corner. Needless to say, the next day at the office I redeemed myself. I pulverized my opponent until he conceded the economic merits of free trade. Thanks, *NR*, for coming to the rescue.

Peter Cochran
Chicago, Ill.

Thank you for publishing Anthony Harrigan's article, "Needed: A Strategic Economic Policy." When one ponders an imminent trade deficit of $75 billion for 1983, it becomes imperative that we impose tariffs and quotas to make our trading partners shape up. Japan is devoted to mercantilism, a fact that Walter Olson ignores. He also seems oblivious to the fact that the American market is the least

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Taxing Times

Federal tax forms have changed a lot this year. One of the least-noticed changes appears not in the forms, but in an introductory letter to the taxpayer from the Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

"Quite often," the Commissioner says in his letter, "we receive inquiries about how people may make voluntary contributions to reduce the public debt. If you should wish to contribute, just enclose in your tax return envelope a *separate* check made payable to 'Bureau of the Debt.'"

The federal government soliciting charitable contributions—that's an innovative wrinkle. One can imagine how this developed. With good natured apologies to the Commissioner, the conversation may have gone something like this:

"What's going on here?" the Commissioner barked as he made way to his office. "There's no place to walk. Everywhere I go, I'm stepping on postcards, telegrams, letters."

"They're all from taxpayers," said the Deputy Assistant Commissioner for Forms. "They all want to know how to give money to the government."

"Give?"

"It seems they've all heard about the national debt. They want to do something about their country's being in the hole to the tune of a trillion-dollars."

"Do something?"

"Yessir—give money in addition to any taxes they owe. They want to know how to go about doing that."

"Well, what are you going to tell them? How are you going to answer all this stuff?" the Commissioner asked, peering behind a pile of messages.

"Those consultants we hired from the firm of Oodles, Dollops & Gollops came up with a capital idea. They suggested we include with the forms a letter explaining what to do.

The Commissioner scratched his head.

"Wait, there's more."

"More?"

"Everyone contributing over $50 gets a handsome tote bag with the Treasury Department seal embossed on the side."

"Tote bag?"

"And if you give $100, you also get this umbrella. When you open it, it says: 'I'm doing my part to cover the debt.' With $1,000 you'll get a year's subscription to the *Federal Register* so you can have a daily reading of new federal regulations and see where some of your tax money is going. If the idea really catches on, we can move the tax filing date from April 15 to December 25. People are more in the spirit of giving then."

"Whoa! I think you're taking this too far," the Commissioner said. "But I like the idea of a letter. Let's drop it from the roof of the Treasury Building and see whether it splatters."

Splatter it did—on the front cover of your tax booklet from the IRS. And if you do give, the Commissioner notes that you can treat your gift as a charitable contribution on next year's tax return.

UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

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AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO CONCERNED PARENTS

There's no place like home... to educate your child!

At a time when public schools are in trouble, the home school movement is showing impressive growth. It is a movement dedicated to quality education. Today thousands of homes provide academic settings superior to those of public schools through the concern of parents who want their children to attain a high degree of scholastic achievement. These homes often begin with a student body attendance of one child and grow to include many children from different homes.

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- Regular report cards.
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- Complete instruction for you! No previous teaching experience is necessary. Help and assistance are cheerfully given whenever you wish. All you need do is call.

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203 E. Camp McDonald Road, Department 2F, Prospect Heights, Il 60070

Rev. Paul Lindstrom, Headmaster

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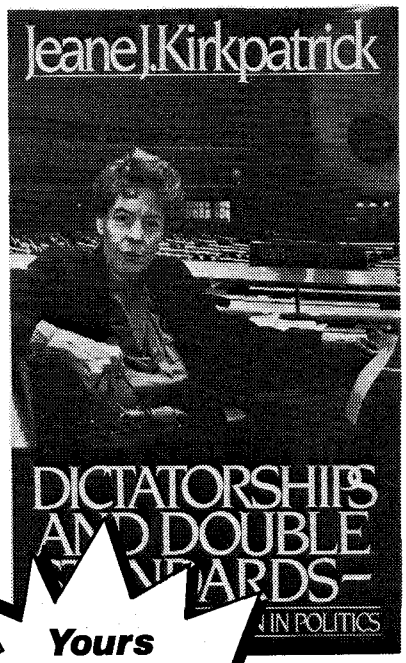
When a former aide to Hubert Humphrey writes a book about liberal hypocrisy, that's news. When her book digs deep, down to the very roots of the liberal worldview, that's IMPORTANT

"How can it be," asks Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, "that persons so deeply committed to the liberation of South Vietnam and Cambodia . . . were so little affected by the enslavement that followed their liberation? Why are Western liberals — who often are such smart people — such slow learners about Communism?" Our outspoken UN Ambassador answers this riddle in one of the most searching critiques of liberalism since Burnham's *Suicide of the West.*



Yours **FREE!**

Have you been reading about how the liberals still buried in the State Department keep sniping at Ambassador Kirkpatrick? They spread vicious rumors, lose no opportunity to wield the stiletto. They want the lady out of the way.

Small wonder, when she says things like . . .

★ How the liberals consistently help Marxists get power in the Third World. The media's role. ★ Disaster, thy name is Jimmy. A comprehensive review of the wreck Carter left. ★ The difference between Communists and autocrats. Why the U.S. can properly help the latter, but not the former. ★ The Soviets in Cuba: dug in far deeper than most realize. ★ The *real* problem in El Salvador (knee-jerk liberals haven't even scented it). ★ The fatal flaw of every liberal. ★ *Is* there a silent majority of conservatives? ★ How the McGovern reforms infected the *Republican* Party. ★ What happens when a nation turns its back on tradition. ★ The famous essay that caught President-to-be Reagan's eye.

If the feisty UN Ambassador had simply run through the dismal leftist track record, that would make this a valuable book. But she takes us inside the liberal mind. Her warning: It's a wrecking ball, and it's swinging wildly, out of control.

Did you ever dream you'd hear our Ambassador to the UN saying the unmentionable?

- "Our times seem especially hospitable to bad ideas, probably because, in throwing off the shackles of tradition, we have left ourselves especially vulnerable to untried nostrums and untested theories."
- "The failure of the Carter administration's foreign policy is now clear to everyone except its architects, and even they must entertain private doubts from time to time about a policy whose crowning achievement was to lay the groundwork for a transfer of the Panama Canal."
- "Assisting 'change' did not lead the Carter administration to undertake the destabilization of a *Communist* country. The principles of self-determination and nonintervention are thus both selectively applied. We accepted the status quo in Communist nations (in the name of 'diversity' and national autonomy), but not in nations ruled by 'right wing' dictators or white oligarchies."

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protectionist in the world—fair game for foreign and domestic predators with sweatshop operations in the backwaters of the world.

As a pioneer subscriber to NATIONAL REVIEW I am proud that yours is the only publication of national repute (to my knowledge) that has ventilated this pressing issue. I share Mr. Harrigan's apprehensions.

Edward G. Birbick
Moneta, Va.

"Think wet and vote dry," as they used to say in Mississippi.

The tendency of businessmen to be pro-business but anti-free-enterprise is nowhere more evident than on the issue of "protection." Walter Olson did a very effective job of exposing the protectionist schizophrenia.

William L. Law
Cudahy, Wis.

Foe of the Phony

I am disappointed in Hugh Kenner's review of Tom Wolfe's *The Purple Decades: A Reader* ["All the Angels Have Big Feet," Feb. 18]. The review—almost two pages long—fails to tell us enough about the book and fails to do Wolfe justice. Mr. Kenner carps about the "hideous purple cloth" used for the cover (who cares?), but he does not even mention that Wolfe drew illustrations for each chapter—trenchant illustrations. Mr. Kenner wastes much space showing off his knowledge of Linear B, but he fails to mention, let alone comment on, some great chapters ("Mau-Mauing the Flak-Catchers" and the one on Bernstein's "Radical Chic" party—I think Wolfe coined that expression).

Professor Kenner should have commented on the wonderful long chapter about a group of hippies going cross country in a weird bus. That the same author could write that chapter and the one about Junior Johnson, archetypal redneck, should have evoked the highest praise. No comment on the all too short, but penetrating, chapter on Solzhenitsyn and why he is feared by the American intelligentsia. In my opinion *Purple Decades* should have been described as a brilliantly and feelingly written book by a foe of the phony. I predict that this book will long survive as a classic psychohistory of two decades in the United States.

Robert J. Hoagland
Warrenton, Va.

Mead Maligned?

As a devoted reader of NATIONAL REVIEW, I was amazed to discover in the March 4 editorial "Over There" a reckless abandonment of your usual high standards. When Margaret Mead undertook her Samoan study in 1926, biological determinism was the dominant theory regarding the development of personality; i.e., genes shaped behavior. It is not that Miss Mead was taught "to favor nurture over nature," as you so archly put it; rather, she set out to study a small, less complex society to research the degree to which both heredity and social experience contributed to the development of the adolescent.

Her "joy pill" was not a society free of hang-ups, but one in which gender roles were very narrowly defined. Eden? Hardly. American society of the 1920s would appear to have been more Edenlike. As to the matter of competition, yes, there was little, but at the cost of the lack of individual freedom, both socially and psychologically.

Regarding your conclusion that she determined that Samoans made better lovers, ridiculous! Although these Polynesians had few sexual taboos, this scarcely qualifies them as inordinately skilled in lovemaking, just less restrained. Nowhere in her book did she "do away with Original Sin" as you would have your readers believe. Chapter VII covers at length the effects of Original Sin, in the form of a kind of rape called *moetotolo*; not much of a coup for Derek Freeman.

I expected far better from my favorite magazine.

Pauly Fongemie
Winthrop, Me.

KUDOS

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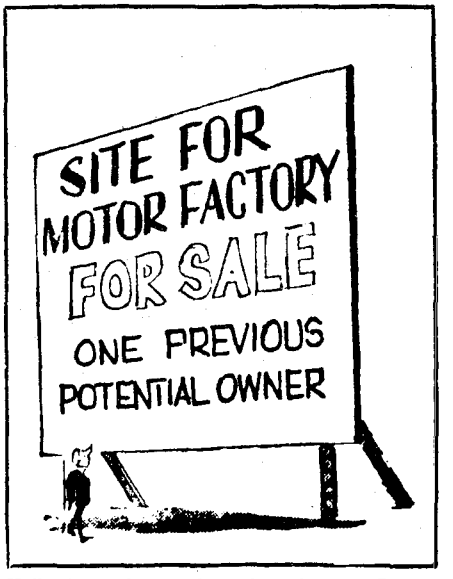
FOR THE RECORD

■ Moderation's the name of the game right now at the Democratic presidential starting gate. **Zbigniew Brzezinski** says his candidates for '84 would be **John Glenn** and—among Republicans—**Howard Baker**, because he believes only a moderate can bring about a bipartisan foreign policy. That excludes **Walter Mondale**, inferentially. . . . **Godfrey Sperling** of *Christian Science Monitor* agrees that Glenn is a moderate, characterizing him as "pro-defense, anti-freeze," and warns that lots of liberal Democrats will try to tar him as "dull, boring"—a charge that was shot out of the air by Glenn's performance as chief speaker at Gridiron dinner in Washington last week, a series of well-delivered one-liners that had his audience rocking in their chairs, "first-rate stuff, very impressive" reports *NR*'s **Cato**. On the other hand, Glenn's 1981 ACU rating doesn't look all that good—he got only a 7 per cent approval rating, and he's in serious danger of being endorsed by **George Wallace**, says *U.S. News*. . . . Fritz Mondale continues to be target of one-liners. A frisky Sen. **Ernest Hollings**—also going for the big one—told press recently that "I could carry Fritz Mondale [as a vice presidential running-mate] but I don't know if Fritz could carry me." . . . And then there's Sen. **Eugene McCarthy**'s devastating putdown in 1976: "Fritz [Mondale] has the soul of a Vice President." . . . **George Will** has his doubts about the "moderate" Sen. **Dale Bumpers**—there's a boomlet for Bumpers among certain Democratic pros. Writes Will: "I have seen tangled arguments for cutting the defense budget, but some of Bumpers's arguments look like linguine." . . . On the Left, the radical *Guardian* dismisses the Democratic field, kit and caboodle: "From **Askew** to Mondale," it editorializes, "they're all pro-defense."



Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rothco

■ The straws have been in the wind; last week's presidential press conference stopped just short of actually saying it: **Reagan** will be the GOP candidate in '84. . . . **Kevin Phillips** sees an ominous development. In recent polls, he says, Reagan continues to be seen as enemy not only of the poor, but also for first time of the middle class, despite economic upturn. Evidence: a **Gallup**/*Newsweek* sounding showing 60 per cent of Americans think Administration policies have hurt middle-income people, while—very interesting—only 45 per cent think they have hurt blacks. . . . On the other hand, latest **David Garth** poll shows Reagan approval rating up; also, approval of Reaganomics up from 45 to 49 points in two months. . . . The President got boost from **Jimmy Carter** in *Penthouse* interview in which Carter revealed that **Leonid Brezhnev** refused a freeze proposal in 1979, but "once he got his SS-20s deployed, only then did Brezhnev say, well, let's have a freeze." . . . Democratic analyst **Alan Baron** thinks protectionism will play a big part in '84 campaign (Americans favor higher tariffs on competitive imports by lopsided 67 to 19 margin), a position which, Baron says, Mondale will go along with. This, he says, could split New Right ranks with "**[Richard] Viguerie** camp using high tariffs as the basis for their 'new populist' appeal to working-class blue-collar workers" while supply-side wing—**Jack Kemp** et al.—would strongly oppose such tactics.

■ Having won a single recent by-election, Britain's opposition Labor Party, **Michael Foot** presiding, has drawn up a radical campaign program: unilateral nuclear disarmament, no cruise missiles, no Trident submarines, cuts in defense spending, plus renationalization of denationalized industries, huge social-services spending, that kind of thing. . . . Across the Channel, one victim of **François Mitterrand**'s cabinet purge has been anti-American former Minister of Culture **Jack Lang**, now demoted to a secretaryship. . . . West Germany's Green Party did not get a deputy chancellorship when the new Bundestag was organized, paraded out of chamber banging on bongo drums, trailing flowers, rather than attend installation of Chancellor **Helmut Kohl**.

■ A few zingers from Gridiron dinner: **Robert Dole** on Rep. **Jim Wright**: "My good friend Jim Wright is here. The man who taught Leonid Brezhnev how to blow-dry his eyebrows." . . . Ronald Reagan: "Imagine **Alan Cranston** running for President at his age. He won't have the problem I had—the press won't be bugging him does he dye his hair." . . . Gridiron President **Charles McDowell**, in his greeting to a number of Democratic presidential hopefuls: "If these people are the solutions, the problems are worse than we thought."

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THE WEEK

■ Yuri Andropov is furious over President Reagan's proposed "Star Wars" missile-defense system. He is convinced it will never work, and resents Reagan's wasting the taxpayers' money on a futile boondoggle.

■ Amazingly, the fight over the nomination of Kenneth Adelman for the top slot in the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency drags on. The latest non-issue raised by Senator Tsongas and other guardians of our weal concerns a memo sent to Adelman by Edward Rowny. Rowny, who is our chief strategic-arms negotiator, jotted down a list of his colleagues, with thumbnail evaluations ("left-leaning"; "OTL" [out to lunch]; "the best"). And what did Adelman do with this portentous document? He passed it along to a friend, experienced in personnel matters, whom he had asked to make a preliminary study of the agency. So why does this make new trouble for Adelman? Because he had told the Senate, in his first appearance, that he had "not addressed" the personnel situation; and because he is now accused of plotting a purge. Which raises the following questions: 1) How else, short of throwing it into the wastebasket, does one "not address" the issues raised in a memo? 2) Maybe there *should* be a purge, starting with the Senate, half of whose members suffer from terminal hypocrisy. If Senator Tsongas doesn't like the Administration's policies, let him gird up his loins like a man and say so. Meanwhile, confirm Kenneth Adelman.

■ You may have heard about that ugly racial incident in Chicago: the city's mayoral contest. Look for things to heat up in the stretch. Supporters of black candidate Harold Washington are said to be planning to blitz the city with copies of the "Protocols of the Elders of Zion," signed with the forged signature of Jewish candidate Bernard Epton. Epton's supporters, meanwhile, are whispering it abroad that Washington is really Joshua Nkomo.

■ Harley-Davidson's performance on the straightaway is nothing compared to its performance in the corridors of Washington. Last September the maker of America's premier motorcycle went to the U.S. International Trade Commission seeking "temporary relief from the growing number of foreign motorcycles [read: Japanese] being shipped to the United States." By temporary, Harley meant enough time to modernize its plant and finish development of a new generation of motorcycles. The ITC has just handed down its recommendation, and it's loaded with lots of relief for the company, if not for the easy-riding public. Under the formula put forth by the ITC, import duties would be imposed on all motorcycles 700 cc and larger assembled outside the United States. For the first year the duties would be 49.4 per cent; the second year, 39.4 per cent; the third, 24.4 per cent; the fourth, 19.4 per cent; and the fifth, 14.4 per cent. Then the import duty would return to its current level of 4.4 per cent. President Reagan has sixty days to accept the ITC recommendations or come up with a proposal of his own. If you start seeing your local Hell's Angel putt-putting up Main Street on his moped, you'll know Reagan opted for the "temporary" relief of Harley-Davidson.

■ That damned thing, the attempted assassination of the Pope, is just not going to go away—but it is essential to understand the political composition of the embarrassment. The Italian and other Western European authorities are closing in on the apparently extensive conspiracy. The work of Judge Martella proceeds inexorably. The French have now uncovered an important Bulgarian defector, Iordan Mantarov, who has informed French Intelligence that the plot was launched by the KGB, using as its instrument the Bulgarian secret service. According to Mantarov, the assassination plot was based upon the theory that the U.S. was using the Pope to undermine the Polish government and move Poland away from the Soviet bloc. The political aspect of this affair has deep his-

"If you ask me, Vietnam was ruined years ago by all those American tourists—Jane Fonda, Ramsey Clark, Pete Seeger . . ."

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Are any of your relatives diabetic?

There's a chance you are, too!

If anyone in your family has a history of diabetes—even a distant relative—treat it as a symptom! It should prompt you to have regular checkups because you are at greater risk of having the disease. Especially if you are overweight and over 40.

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Diabetes is a disorder in which the body cannot control the levels of sugar in the blood. Normally the hormone, insulin, regulates the blood sugar level. But if your body does not produce or effectively use its insulin, diabetes results. Diabetes can threaten heart, vision, brain, kidneys and life itself.

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Often people don't realize that most diabetes can be easily managed by simple programs that bring blood sugar under control. Many diabetics need only weight reduction, the right foods and moderate exercise. And, if these changes are not enough, a simple oral medication is all that may be needed. Today, even those who need insulin can be better and more comfortably managed by their doctors than ever before.

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Warning signs are either absent or very subtle. You may drink more water than normal or urinate more frequently. There may be slower healing of bruises, cuts and infections, or you may experience more fatigue and feel "not quite right."

How will you know if you have diabetes?
You won't. Your doctor will. And again, if there is diabetes in your family—including cousins, aunts, uncles, brothers and sisters and especially a parent—then you should have regular blood and urine checks by your doctor. It is a relatively simple diagnosis.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The cherry blossoms are finally in bloom, and so are some risibilities that had lain dormant for months, notably those of Larry Speakes, the President's spokesman, who, at a recent meeting with the raffish White House press corps, was asked whether James Baker, David Gergen, or Richard Darman would be leaving soon. "Rubbish, rubbish, rubbish, rubbish," Speakes replied. "Who is the fourth 'rubbish'?" a reporter asked. "Someone we haven't thought of?" To which Speakes answered, "No, Darman is *both* the third and the fourth rubbish. He needs all the help he can get." (Actually, Gergen needs more help than Darman, although both have been given a stay of execution.)

■ At the 98th annual Gridiron banquet, Washington's premier social event (whether you reckon by luminaries or hilarities), President Reagan's humor also was in full bloom. Not only were his prepared one-liners a big cut above those of other Presidents, but he also sang and did a light soft shoe, something his predecessors have not done, if you trust the memories of the old-timers present. It was a panic. The *mise en scène* was Mexico: onstage, a conga line had just done its number and snaked back behind the chorus as it continued to sing "Mañana." Then it re-emerged with an appendage on its tail, namely, a tallish figure wearing an Aztec red serape and a silver and black sombrero the size of a beach umbrella. The figure, head turned upstage, face hidden from the audience, advanced to the microphone, doffed his sombrero, and—lo and behold, the President of the United States began singing recitatively, like a Rex Harrison or a leaky George Arliss, to the tune of "Mañana":

We've had a little problem
Over at the EPA.
No matter what we try to do
It won't go away.
The Congress gives me headaches
All it does is moan and grouse;
But now it's not my worry,
It's that of Ruckelshaus.
Mañana, mañana—
Mañana is good enough for me.

Four Reagan stanzas followed, with an encore and a standing ovation, each drawing bigger laughs than the one before. It was political lampooning in the highest tradition of the Gridiron. The tone was endearingly self-deprecating, reminiscent of the First Lady's appearance last year, where her self-parody became the turning point of a campaign to renovate her image. Mr. Reagan has had better relations with the press than any other President since Jack Kennedy, and this appearance at the Gridiron, with its equalizing comedy and camaraderie, may push him even beyond the JFK popularity level, not bad as we move toward 1984 and its probable Reagan rerun.

■ Some Reaganites continue to lament the President's nomination of William Ruckelshaus to succeed Anne Burford as EPA Administrator. Ruckelshaus, they say, won't disappoint the environmentalists by continuing to freeze the Left out of federal money as his predecessor did. The Natural Resources Defense Council, for example, which led the charge against Mrs. Burford, did not disclose that the main reason for its ardor was that she had denied it more than $1 million in federal funding, a purse that Carter had misguidedly made available. Ruckelshaus won't extend the Burford freeze-out, these Reaganites contend. Other Reaganites, however, believe that the appointment of Ruckelshaus will quickly cauterize the EPA commotion. They have a powerful ally: the New Right's own darling, James Watt, who, to everyone's surprise, lobbied behind the scenes in favor of Ruckelshaus's nomination. Back in February 1982, Watt was on the West Coast giving a speech and Ruckelshaus was in the audience. When Ruckelshaus stood up to speak, many expected him to attack Watt and the Administration. Instead, Ruckelshaus endorsed the President and his policies ringingly. After the program, Watt and Ruck talked, and Watt came away believing Ruckelshaus to be an across-the-board loyalist to the President.

When it was clear that Anne Burford was not going to make it, Watt himself floated the name of Ruckelshaus at a White House meeting convened to look for her replacement. (Jim Watt, incidentally, was the person who gave Anne Burford the word that her time had come. "You have the President's confidence, Anne," he told her, "but no one else's. If you stay on, you'll drag him down politically.") Whereupon Watt was deputized by Ed Meese to call Ruckelshaus and sound him out. On the Wednesday before the nomination became public, after a long phone conversation with Ruckelshaus—one that amounted to a job interview—Watt reported back to the President, face to face, that he was certain Ruckelshaus was totally committed to the Reagan program, and, indeed, that he was Watt's nominee. In light of this, what can the New Right do but bite back its anger at the Ruckelshaus nomination, which does not displease —CATO

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torical roots: the assassination plot is acutely embarrassing to the view, defeated within the State Department between 1945 and 1948, but now resurgent in important circles, that the USSR is a "normal" state, employing the usual means in the international arena. That thesis—it was important at one level of the furor over the treason of Alger Hiss—remains a powerful undercurrent. But, there it is: the KGB tried to kill John Paul II, and the thing is spilling out all over the street.

■ Fans of Britain's Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher should not be dismayed by the victory of Labor's candidate in the Darlington by-election on March 25. Labor is predicting a comeback now, after a string of by-election defeats, but the Darlington result is not really that sunny for Britain's Left. For one thing, the Conservative candidate did well, taking 35 per cent of the vote to Labor's 40 per cent in this strongly pro-Labor district in the north of England. The Liberal-Social Democratic Alliance candidate did poorly, with 25 per cent. But more significantly, Labor's victory probably assures that Michael Foot will continue his lackluster leadership of the Labor Party, something Mrs. Thatcher undoubtedly relishes. Had Darlington not reversed Labor's electoral fortunes, it is likely that Foot would have been replaced by Denis Healey, a vastly more competent leader. Healey

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is so highly regarded, in fact, that *The Economist* suggested, at least half seriously, that both the Conservatives and the Alliance should consider throwing the election in order to keep Foot in place. Mrs. Thatcher is still mum on when in the next year she will call general elections, but the silver lining of the Darlington defeat gives the Conservatives a little more breathing room.

■ South Africa's prime minister, Pieter W. Botha, nudged his country a bit closer to multiracial democracy when he announced last month that he was forming a cabinet committee to give "priority attention to a meaningful political dispensation for South Africa's black peoples." Dr. Pieter Koornhof, Minister for Cooperation and Development, added that the government is "working on the rightful black claims to participation, in cooperation with other interested parties, in the processes which affect their interests." South Africa's 21 million blacks are a long way from winning the vote and their own house in parliament—as have been promised to the coloreds and the Indians—even if Prime Minister Botha's new constitution wins approval. But the mere formation of the cabinet committee suggests that South Africa's politicians are moving. Or, at least, thinking of moving.

■ Donald Maclean, colleague of Guy Burgess and Kim Philby in British diplomacy and Soviet espionage, has died in Moscow. *Izvestia* hailed him for having served "high ideals of social progress and humanism, peace and international cooperation." Nicely put. Oh yes. He was a "dedicated Communist." Two weeks later, another old member of the same circle, Anthony Blunt—the "Fourth Man"—also expired. All of which suggests that the McCarthy era may finally be judged less for what it did than for its sins of omission.

■ The program's called: "Not Just an Ordinary Nightmare—Helping Our Children through the Age of Nuclear Weapons." It's a day-long affair—from 8:30 to 4:30—at the Yale University School of Medicine. Among the Big Berthas addressing the conference, our favorite is Roberta Snow, MA, Coordinator of the Decision Making in a Nuclear Age Project of the Facing History and Ourselves National Foundation, Brookline (Mass.) Public School System. Her topic: "The Educator's Role in Helping Children through the Age of Nuclear Weapons."

■ Chicago Mayor Jane Byrne had to call off her write-in campaign for re-election when it became clear that both of her supporters were illiterate.

■ Yuri Andropov is reported to be suffering from heart disease plus some kidney complications. In the spirit of detente, we could make available to him some equipment, almost new, last used by Barney Clark.

On Being Charitable

We mustn't be beastly to bankers;
It's tough being down on your luck.
You, too, could get over-extended
While trying to hustle a buck.
Please pity their pallid complexions
In limousines all over town.
They gambled that oil would keep rising,
But (sob!) it's been plummeting down.

W. H. VON DREELE

'Star Wars'

Set aside for a moment the question of feasibility. If the President were to go on TV tomorrow evening and announce that we had developed and deployed an effective defense against missile attack, would that not, self-evidently, be cause for rejoicing? We have of course been inundated with accounts of the horrors of nuclear war, the flood rising recently as we prepare to counter the Soviet deployment of SS-20s in Europe. If nuclear warfare could be apocalyptic, would not a defense against nuclear attack be good news?

It is difficult not to believe that if such a defensive effort had been proposed by, say, Kennedy or Mondale, it would have been received very respectfully —would indeed, quite probably, have been hailed as courageous, progressive, humane, pioneering.

President Reagan's proposal that we pursue a serious nuclear-defense effort met, instead, with a chorus of instant rejection and ridicule. Democrats lost no time in calling it a "Star Wars" fantasy, a scenario for "pin-ball" warfare in space. McGeorge Bundy rushed into print with denigratory remarks. Jerome Wiesner at MIT condemned it. Republican Senator Mark Hatfield, who is virtually a pacifist, professed himself appalled at the idea of extending military operations to space, perhaps preferring that they take place, if at all, in Oregon.

Now space is already the scene of extensive activity of a military character by both the U.S. and the USSR, with the USSR making several times the U.S. investment in precisely the area of research the President focused upon. The Soviets have experimented extensively with "killer" satellites designed to knock out our reconnaissance and communications satellites, vital in the event of conflict. Research into exotic weapons is much further advanced than is generally realized by non-specialists. Yesterday's exotic weapon

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is today's standard equipment, and to imagine that technology can somehow be made to stand still goes against all historical experience.

If Reagan's proposals were so self-evidently absurd as his critics claim, why then did Mr. Andropov react so violently to them—angrily accusing Reagan of plotting to "disarm" the Soviet Union by making its missiles useless?

One suggestion worth exploring has to do with the first-strike implications of a successful missile defense. To undercut that objection, Reagan has now suggested that we might share certain kinds of defensive technological information with the Soviets, in order that neither side would gain a sudden military advantage from an effective defense deployment.

Though no one today can guarantee the development of a viable defense against missiles, and though it would lie some years in the future in any case, a variety of approaches have been under study for some time. They include non-nuclear air/ground systems using a kind of shrapnel, as in High Frontier; nuclear-armed anti-missiles; and laser beams, perhaps bounced off mirrors orbiting in space. It would take a bold prophet to guarantee that *no* such defense is feasible.

Politically, the President scored psychologically against the freeze advocates and their apocalyptic backers, and placed himself visibly on the side of saving lives and cities. It was no doubt this political aspect that infuriated his critics, that and their instinctive suspicion of any proposal that would enhance American power and security.

The Anti-Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty

Among the charges slung by the Soviets at President Reagan's speech on anti-missile technology was the accusation that new developments would violate the ABM treaty. Leave aside the irony of the Soviets' hewing to diplomatic niceties. What does the ABM treaty enjoin?

Deployment is most tightly restricted. The 1972 treaty limited each side to two ABM sites containing one hundred un-MIRVed missiles; a protocol, signed in 1974, peeled this back to one site for each side. In 1975, Congress ordered our lone site, at Grand Forks, N.D., dismantled.

Research—what the President has been talking about—is more loosely controlled. Fixed land-based systems—including, say, lasers—may be developed and tested. Mobile land systems or systems based in the sea, in the air, or in outer space, may not be developed; but even these can be studied and researched.

What if the signatories grow tired of these terms? The treaty provides for a review every five years; it further asserts the right of either party to withdraw, with six months' notice, should it conclude that its "supreme interests" are in jeopardy. An open-ended phrase, as any acknowledgment of national sovereignty is bound to be. But, at the time we signed, we tried to pin it down a bit; among hypothetical reasons for bailing out, we cited an inability to reach a limitation on offensive weapons.

Which, given the last umpteen Soviet weapons systems, we could compellingly cite right now.

Unpleasant Realities

The tendency for comforting illusion to creep into our discourse appears notably in our vocabulary. We talk about senior citizens rather than old people, developing nations rather than poor ones, and a rival superpower rather than an enemy. Even thinking about many realities can be unpleasant, but doing so is surely the price of survival.

As the performance of Soviet matériel in the recent battles in Lebanon indicated, it is possible to exaggerate Soviet power and capabilities. Nevertheless, the hard statistics constitute a reality that we ignore at our peril. The Department of Defense's update of a 1981 study—entitled *Soviet Military Power 1983*—leaves little room for illusion. Over the past decade, the Soviets have manufactured 2,000 ICBMs, 54,000 tanks and other armored vehicles, 6,000 tactical combat aircraft, 85 surface warships, and 61 attack submarines. Over the same period U.S. production has been substantially lower: 350 ICBMs, 11,000 tanks and armored vehicles, 3,000 tactical combat aircraft, 72 surface warships, and 27 attack submarines. In any discussion of Soviet intentions or of the U.S. defense budget, these hard realities must be faced unblinkingly. They are basic to what Leonid Brezhnev once called "the correlation" of forces, which he openly celebrated as shifting favorably to the USSR.

Their Kind of Guy

White Chicagoans are being instructed that it would be racist for them to vote for white Republican Bernard Epton because he is white, although it would not be racist for blacks to vote for Harold Washington because he is black. The color issue has become, without a doubt, the hottest issue in a mayoral campaign that would otherwise be a real snoozer.

The fine distinction being advanced by liberals is that there is a big difference between racial pride and racial hate, between voting *for* and voting *against*. True enough. But we can make other distinctions too. If a man is running openly as a bloc candidate, promising particularist favors to one group at the expense of others, those others may do well to oppose him *en bloc*, simply as a matter of self-defense. Harold Wash-

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"Hold out your hand!"

ington is a maverick who is at least not averse to using his color for advantage. That is cause enough for wariness.

We frankly don't believe the liberal hair-splitters would extend the benefit of doubt to a candidate who appealed to "white pride": liberalism thrives in great part by intensifying group loyalty among minorities while undermining it among the majority. Be that as it may, the white reaction is probably due less to Washington's race than to the way he exploits it. He lacks the bland but reassuring style of a Thomas Bradley or an Edward Brooke, each of whom could persuade white voters that he was their kind of guy.

At this point in history it takes a willful naïveté to suppose that race can be a matter of indifference. It carries inescapable significance—though its specific meaning depends on how it is integrated with surrounding symbols. Harold Washington apparently has not convinced, or tried to convince, Chicago's white voters that he will strictly subordinate race to a more general conception of the public weal. In that sense it is legitimate to see him as divisive. If he offers his race as a reason to vote *for* him, it becomes, by the same token, a reason to vote *against* him.

Congress at Work

The members of Congress have finally shown what they can do when they put aside partisan infighting, get down to serious business, and work together toward a common goal. In other words, they have done their worst. That the Republic survived anyway, with some of its taxpayers still intact, ensures that the legislators will still have a broad target when they renew their activity later this year.

No one who has not looked at the jobs bill in detail can have any idea of just how brazenly awful it is, how thoroughly it reverses many of the soundest Reagan budget cuts of the past two years. For a few reckless days Congress could spend whatever it wanted with hardly a fear of a Reagan veto, like the Germans during Karneval, when adultery is not grounds for divorce. They forgot that the money was already Lent.

Congress's behavior on Social Security was more sober, but otherwise not much better. Senator Russell Long of Louisiana, who (in the silver-lining department) would chair the Finance Committee if the Democrats controlled the Senate, objected to the big transfusion of general-revenue money into the system. "I refuse to vote for fiscal irresponsibility," he said. Other lawmakers confined themselves to tinkering within the general outlines of the Greenspan commission proposal. On the positive side they slightly strengthened the "fail-safe" mechanism to reduce benefit-indexing if the system becomes insolvent, and, more important, they provided for a gradual raising of the retirement age to 67. On the negative side, they hit the self-employed with an even bigger tax increase than before (thus continuing the war against the "underground economy"), guaranteed a cost-of-living adjustment that might have been avoided under current law, and took the system out of the unified federal budget beginning in 1992, apparently feeling that they could hide it under a lampshade or something.

Having "defused" these issues by going along, the Reagan Administration may have expected Congress to be more conciliatory on other economic issues. If so, it was sorely disappointed. The House Democrats rammed through a budget resolution that would take

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a pair of pruning shears to the budding economic recovery. Their budget calls for $30 billion in new taxes in fiscal 1984 alone, the exact nature of which will not be determined until "reconciliation" later this year. If conservatives wait until then to mobilize against the new tax hikes, it may very well be too late.

The Poor And the Middlemen

The Democratic Party continues to align itself in favor of repealing the indexation of tax rates. We rub our eyes at this political gift to Ronald Reagan, but we pray he will grab it. The Democratic stand turns over to Reagan the "fairness" issue with which the Party of Compassion has been clubbing him since he took office. If you're in the top tax bracket, bracket creep doesn't hurt you: inflation obviously can't push you into a higher bracket. If you're in the lower brackets, you move up rapidly into what used to be the country-club brackets. Martin Feldstein puts it bluntly: "The liberals who want to repeal indexing are unconcerned about this increase in the tax burden on low-income taxpayers."

The suspicion grows that all the quotidian professions of concern for "the poor" are purely formalistic. "The poor" must be understood in a special sense, as potential clients for the redistributive ministrations of the New Class, the middlemen of social justice. Analytically, "the poor," as a concept, legitimates the power-grab of the New Class middlemen in the same sense as "the proletariat" legitimates the power-grab of the Leninists.

The real design of liberalism is to get as much power and money as possible into the hands of this New Class, and—judging by the record—liberals are as willing to do this at the expense of the less well-off as of anyone else. The ongoing quest for victims—the poor, blacks, women, Chicanos, homosexuals, the "homeless"—continues, but it is structurally designed to benefit the benefactors.

The helpers of the poor have been helping themselves very handsomely. The Administration should use the indexation issue to highlight this fact and to reclaim an important part of Reagan's 1980 constituency: the working poor.

Bad News from Lebanon

The Commandant of the U.S. Marine Corps, General Robert H. Barrow, has written a letter to the Secretary of Defense that Mr. Weinberger considered important enough to forward to the Secretary of State. It concerns serious tensions between the U.S. Marines assigned to Lebanon and the Israeli Defense Force (IDF) on the scene there. "I must," wrote General Barrow, "formally register my deep concern. . . . I can no longer remain silent on this continued problem of provocation from the IDF."

The Marines in Lebanon, part of an international peace-keeping force, do not carry loaded weapons. Nevertheless, incidents between Marines and the IDF —our allies, after all—have, according to General Barrow, involved U.S. personnel in "life-threatening situations replete with verbal degradation of the officers, their uniform, and their country. Unfortunately, and of greater concern to me, incidents of this nature are the rule rather than the exception." Other reports assert that Israeli troops have fired shots near the Marines' headquarters at night and in front of their vehicles during the day.

Efforts are now being made to defuse the situation, but the impression persists of an extraordinary arrogance on the part of certain Israelis, plus the assertion of a larger political design involving the satellization of Lebanon and the thorough colonization of the West Bank. The attitude of the IDF toward the U.S. Marines is uncomfortably parallel to the attitude of Mr. Begin toward President Reagan's Mideast peace initiative.

The Liberals Respond

If, on that midnight ride, Revere
Told Teddy that the Brits were near,
I have no doubt he would have said,
"Paul, let's negotiate, instead."

W. H. VON DREELE

Currency Non-Mysteries

"Dirty floats" . . . "crawling pegs" . . . "snakes" . . . is it any wonder no one likes to read about exchange-rate fluctuations? Yet the ongoing gyrations of the international currency markets, and the inevitable failure of the attempts to "stabilize" those markets, are full of edifying lessons for the casual observer. There are, to borrow from the fable, ant-governments like Kohl's in West Germany and grasshopper-governments like Mitterrand's in France. The former are always revaluing their currencies step by step up the ladder of (relative) thrift and solvency. The latter are just as surely sinking down to (relative) fiscal perdition. When countries try to evade or defy these market judgments, they suffer worsening trade imbalances and currency outflows until they capitulate.

This is what happened to France in the weeks leading up to March 21, when it finally devalued the franc and, what was much the same thing, convinced Germany, Holland, and other of its EEC partners

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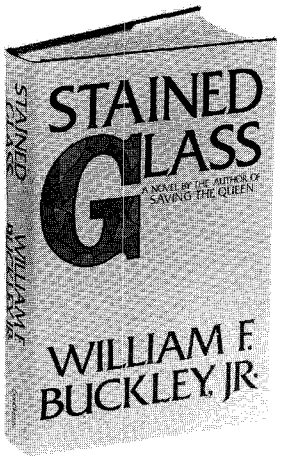
"I have read all of Mr. Buckley's spy novels, and while I think that each one gets better, still Stained Glass is the best—if that makes any sense. I suppose the later plots may be better (or more intricate), but the characters are better, and the reader really does care about Count Wintergrin's end. Like any good novel, you put it down wondering what might have happened, what might have been, and you wish you had more." So writes a Manhattan reader, and he's not alone: all of Bill Buckley's Blackford Oakes spy thrillers have sold well, but none so consistently as Stained Glass (which won an American Book Award). Sad to say, our supply is running low, but if you missed it you can still get a free and postpaid copy just by using the card facing this page to subscribe to National Review—or to renew your current subscription, no matter when it is due to expire: we'll add another 26 issues of NR to your current term, and send you Stained Glass without delay. That's right, a free copy of this collector's item, and you pay only the regular $26 rate (which saves you another $6.50 over the newsstand price). So don't miss this opportunity to save money and get a fascinating book you'll want to add to your own library. Offer good only while our supply lasts, so use the card facing this page now; before you forget.



By the way, this fascinating book does have an intricate plot that will keep you guessing right to the end (and you really will learn a lot about stained glass too).

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to revalue their currencies upward. France has been claiming a sort of moral victory, partly based on the notion that it got away with a smaller devaluation than the market had been asking for; but a little analysis will show that any victory of this sort is bound to be transitory.

When taken to an extreme, the process that brings about devaluation is easy to understand. Everyone can see that if Italy fixes its exchange rate for a decade, but in the meantime prices in Italy triple while prices in, say, Switzerland remain level, serious things will begin to happen. Italian goods will seem much more expensive on world markets, which will lead to grumbling that Switzerland is deliberately undervaluing its currency to stimulate exports. So long as Italy stands ready to convert lire into Swiss francs at the old rate, it will have to deal with an ever-lengthening line of people who want to take it up on its offer. When it eventually begins to run out of francs, it will face the choice of letting the exchange rate adjust or suspending convertibility entirely while keeping the old fixed rate, thus turning its currency into a "soft" one like the Polish zloty or the Ghanaian cedi. For a modern Western country, this is no choice at all; devaluation is inevitable.

But while the attempt to maintain fixed rates is conceded to be absurd in this extreme case, there are many who still think it wholesome and practical in less obvious cases—when the inflation differential is, say, 2 rather than 200 per cent. The result of this illusion has been the long line of failed schemes to let rates fluctuate only within a certain band (the "snake"), fluctuate only at intervals rather than continuously (the "crawling peg"), or fluctuate subject to government "stabilization" through the buying and selling of particular currencies (the "dirty float"). Obviously none of these schemes can stabilize exchange rates indefinitely unless the countries involved all manage to inflate at the same rate (although there are proposals going around to achieve such uniform free-fall by having the U.S. inflate faster).

The newest venture into semi-fixed rates is the European Monetary System, hatched in 1979, and it is not having any better luck. Though the EMS does not even include all the Common Market countries (Britain and Greece have stayed out), its membership has proved too diverse for fixed rates to last, and only periodic realignments like that of March 21 can fend off the inevitable crises.

There is a good reason why the United States has not been involved in crises of this sort recently. The Reagan Administration is well aware that government intervention can't do much in the foreign-exchange markets. The result is that the dollar is allowed to float freely, changes its value every day, and is basically healthy.

Mondale on the Road

What's your interest? That's his, too.
He's protectionist, true-blue,
Though he made the free-trade case
Just before his current race.
Jewish voters like to know
He dumped Carter weeks ago,
While, for blacks, the guy appears
Oozing food stamps from his ears.

W. H. von Dreele

Constantine Fitzgibbon, R I P

Constantine Fitzgibbon was best known in America as the author of *When the Kissing Had to Stop*, a novel—non-prophetic, one wistfully hopes—about when England quite simply lay down its arms rather than defy the challenge of a Soviet nuclear ultimatum. A fascinating postlude to the publication of the book suggests the anarchy of democratic arrangements in Great Britain. The BBC (or perhaps it was the competing network—one forgets) at huge expense dramatized for television Fitzgibbon's haunting story. It was shown once, and was en route to America when there arose a labor-union dispute over whether the film might or might not, without paying this or that tithe, travel outside the studio. The result was its destruction by fire. That toasty fire consumed something that had cost a million dollars to produce. The kind of people who settled the problem of the TV version of *When the Kissing Had to Stop* by such means were the kind of people who were the subjects of Constantine Fitzgibbon's famous novel.

He was a scholar, a bon vivant, an alcoholic. It is one of those vexing contradictions of the conventional wisdom (alcoholics don't work) that, notwithstanding his disease, he created, year after year, book after book. Learned treatises on the history of intelligence. Definitive works on the poet Dylan Thomas, whose literary executor Fitzgibbon was. Translations from the French, in which he was bilingual. He was married (his third wife) to Marjorie Steele, the brilliant painter, formerly the wife of Huntington Hartford. Several years before his death he achieved sobriety, and that convulsion laid him quite low, so much so that, after a brief flurry, he ceased to communicate with his old friends.

Who will, however, not forget his cherubic face, his inch-thick glasses, his courtly manners, and hungry mind. Constantine Fitzgibbon was a literary figure of considerable talent who came early to recognize the principal political truth that conjoined the age of Nazism and Communism, namely that the two political philosophies were distinct only in niceties of interest to taxonomists, not to those interested in important

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things. At NATIONAL REVIEW we were friends, professional and personal, of Constantine Fitzgibbon, and we pay tribute to his memory, and tender condolences to his family. —WFB

Rebecca West, R I P

In 1969, a few months after the death of her husband, Henry Andrews, Rebecca West came to Switzerland to spend a week with us. She was at first suspicious, finally charmed, at being presented with pants to wear, skirts being all but critically unsuitable for the mountains we took her up, during the skiing season, from which she peered about, giving the impression that those mountains, like everything else she had ever laid an eye on, had become a permanent part of the furniture of her mind. It was a tranquil and spirited week, during which she painted for the first time on an oil canvas, and for all we know the last time, producing a surrealistic vision the meaning of which no one paused to ask her about. There was the night we heard Yehudi Menuhin, at the small Lutheran church in Saanen, perform Bach's E-minor toccata *a cappella*; and a dinner with a Spanish painter who did her the absolutely unprecedented favor of executing a profile in chalk while she ate, and talked.

She did this unstintingly, and one time, on the fifth day some time after dinner, she complained to her host, "Bill, tell me. How can I begin to communicate everything that I know?" No answer to that *cri de cœur* was possible, none attempted. The idea was, merely, to give her an opportunity to take her mind away from the death of her Henry, and there are reasons for believing that the idyll helped her.

Rebecca West was a considerable figure, and among the two or three truly great journalists of the century. She and Arthur Koestler, another of the great journalists, died within two weeks of each other. She did not leave a philosophical legacy, having never arrived at a *Weltanschauung*. Perhaps if she had done so it would have made her tedious, although this is almost inconceivable. So she endures in the memory as the witty literary virtuoso of immense learning, of liberal disposition, who was, however, capable of marshaling her incomparable energies to make the case for human decency. It was this axiomatic assumption—that people should be decent—that made possible the deadly deployment of her moral arguments when she wrote about treason, or about Hamlet, or about any creature or institution that stood in the way of intelligent charity. One wishes that she might have intuited the blessings of transcendence. Perhaps she did, and perhaps we will in due course know about this, given that she worried that she might not have the time, notwithstanding that she died at ninety, to communicate everything she knew. We mourn a great literary figure, and a friend. —WFB

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

It is my intention to start a Society for the Denigration of Hypocrisy and the Advancement of Responsible Egalitarianism, the purposes of which will be to:

1. Purchase a home in the neighborhood of California Chief Justice Rose Bird to use as a halfway home for recently released murderers.
2. Provide scholarships for minorities to use in the integration of the private schools that selected liberal senators use for the education of their children and grandchildren.
3. Investigate and publish the charitable donations of those in the legislature who find it easy to be generous with other people's money.
4. Such other similar projects as the board determines.

I ask you to serve as the chairman of the board of directors, and to appoint the majority of the board. I will be the president of the Society at the will of the board. I will donate $1,000 toward a start, if you will agree to serve.

Sincerely,
Alan P. Hemphill
President, Oak Broadcasting
Poway, Calif.

Dear Mr. Hemphill: I pass, but don't let me discourage you. Perhaps you could apply for a government grant? Cordially, WFB

■ The Editor
Newsweek Magazine

Dear Sir:

I hope that your concern (*Newsweek*, February 21, March 7, March 14) over what you characterize as my "self-indulgent" journals (published in *The New Yorker*) did not ruin for you the $2-million party you gave yourselves last month to celebrate your anniversary.

Yours truly,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

My entry for the oxymoron contest is: political economy.

Cheers,
Jack E. Simmons
Long Beach, Calif.

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Dear Mr. Buckley:

Two more entries: Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, and U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark.

Cordially,
Bob W. Ragan
Hollywood, Calif.

■ Dear Bill:

Thought you would like to have the enclosed photo taken at Leon Weil's apartment on January 11. The Ambassador is reading the recent article in NATIONAL REVIEW [by Mary Schwarz, Jan. 21] of which she is the subject.

With best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,
Tom
[Thomas A. Bolan]
New York, N.Y.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Pardon my delay in replying to your letter of January 6, with the enclosed letter of May 7 from Professor J. R. Hall. I cannot even claim that your letter reached me via Hong Kong.

I am not sure whether anyone has accepted Professor Hall's proposed wager, but in case someone has I suppose I should comment on his conjectures. He is correct in guessing that my story ["Notes & Asides," May 14 and June 11, 1982] referred to the controversy between the Latins and the Greeks about whether the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father alone or from the Father *and the Son* (*Filioque*). He errs, however, in presuming that the story dealt with seminary education. On balance, his conjectures might be judged "substantially correct."

For the future, Mr. Callow [whose "Notes & Asides" letter, May 14, initiated the exchange with Professor Hugh Kenner] should be admonished to listen more carefully to conversations at the next table when he goes out to dinner. Such attentiveness might eventually lead to a job in the intelligence network and even earn him, eventually, a passing mention in one of your own forthcoming novels.

Sincerely yours,
Avery Dulles, SJ
Washington, D.C.

■ Memo to: WFB
From: Jim McFadden

Don't forget to mention that reprints of Michael Novak's "Moral Clarity in the Nuclear Age" are available not only from *NR*, but also from *Catholicism in Crisis*, P.O. Box 495, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. The rates are: 25 copies for $40; 50 copies for $77.50; 100 copies for $102.50; 250 copies for $155; 500 copies for $255; 1,000 copies for $457.50.

■ Memo to: Wm
From: Wm [Rickenbacker]
Re: *NR*, 2 x 81, Enormities Therein

1. Page 1120, Cato, for shame, who will censor the censors? Maybe *his* Horace said *dissipare in loco*, but *my* Horace said *desipere in loco*, and *my* Horace is the one and only.

2. Page 1129, Neal Freeman in the apopemptic mode, where's your resident entomologist? *Nobody* was ever kept awake at night by termites masticating. This is not because termites don't masticate at night, but because they are silent masticators—closet masticators, one might say. That famous noise Neal refers to is the result of the knocking of heads against the walls of the galleries. You have seen, no doubt—for you are well traveled—those elegant parallel corridors hollowed by the termites, separated by the thinnest membrane of fiber. You have wondered, no doubt—for you are a wonderful lad—how the termites manage to eat so close to the wall without barging into the party next door. Well. They have these hard little heads, you see, and they keep knocking their heads against the wall, listening for that telltale pitch that says it's time to move on. At first it's bong-bong and they chew like mad. When the sound gets to dink-dink, they're treading close to the edge. Okay? Got that?

3. Rest of mag pretty much okay, but shows absence of

Yrs fndly,
Wm
[West Boxford, Mass.]

Dear Wm: Well then, why don't you come back to work? You won't hear any dink-dink when you butt your head up against *this* membrane. Yrs fndly, Wm
—WFB

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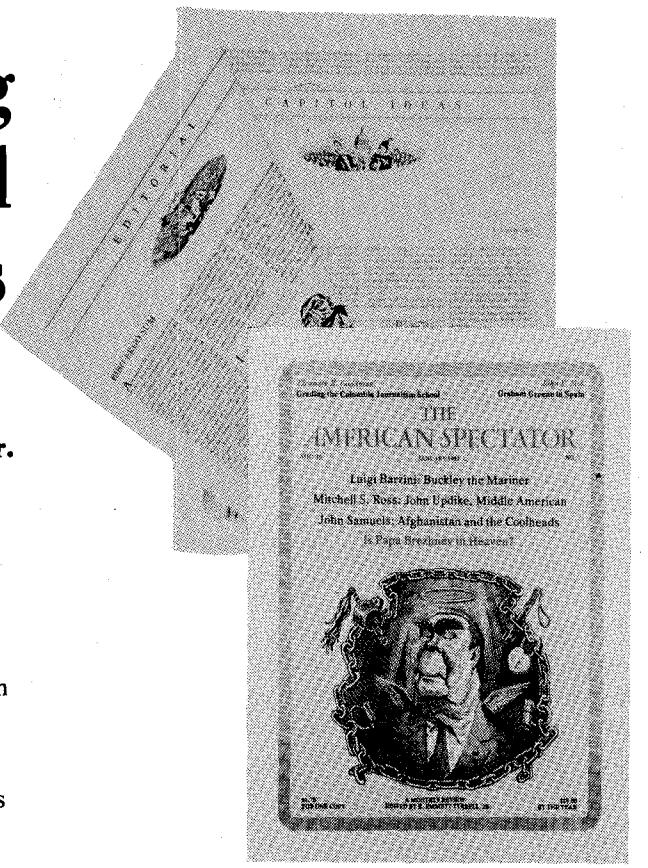
—William F. Buckley, Jr.


THE
AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Luigi Barzini: Buckley the Mariner
Mitchell S. Ross: John Updike, Middle American
John Samuels: Afghanistan and the Coolheads

The White House gets it . . . so do members of the Cabinet and Congress . . . and you should too, that is . . .

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FROM
Washington

JOHN McLAUGHLIN
Straight

High Noon For Withholding

When Congress reconvenes after Easter, one issue will be back on the front burner, with the heat full blast: Should the 1982 law on withholding—the one requiring that 10 per cent of taxes due on interest and dividends be withheld by banks and sent directly to the government—which is now scheduled to go into effect July 1, be rescinded? On the side of the repealers are some fifty senators, led by freshman Republican Robert Kasten (Wis.), and including conservative rockribbers like Helms, Humphrey, Quayle, East, Jepsen, and Denton.

Ranged on the other side are Senator Bob Dole, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker, Speaker Tip O'Neill, House Minority Leader Bob Michel, Chairman Dan Rostenkowski of the House Ways and Means Committee, and assorted archetypal libs including Teddy, Chris Dodd, Howard Metzenbaum, Ralph Nader and his Congress Watch, Common Cause, and the U.S. Internal Revenue Service.

Bank-Inspired Opposition

The storm over this law has reached incredible proportions. First, there is the mail phenomenon. "More disruptive than anything I've ever seen, including Panama," says one senior senator. An estimated 18 million pieces have all but paralyzed the Hill. Senator Dole alone claims 500,000 items, an estimate that is probably low. So loaded is the anteroom to his Finance Committee with bags, boxes, and crates of mail that you can hardly enter. "I can read it," quips Dole, "but I can't lift it."

The phenomenon is largely rigged. "It's not a grass-roots campaign at all," Dole told me. "The bankers have instigated it and paid for it." So vexing has the mail become (mailrooms are clogged to the point that the inter-office mailing system is practically dead—it takes ten days for a letter sent from, say, the OMB to reach a congressman's office) that a growing number of congressmen are inspired to buck repeal rather than invite the impression that so contrived an onslaught can fashion public policy.

The withholding mechanism is precisely that, insists Dole—not a "new tax," as the bankers have labeled it. Income from interest and dividends has been subject to tax for decades (lamentably); the problem is that such income goes significantly unreported, and the tax on it, significantly unpaid. Both Dole and the IRS estimate that $4 to $5 billion is lost in tax revenues annually—putting a heavier burden on those who do pay their taxes—with 10 per cent of interest income going unreported per year, and 18 per cent of dividend income. The withholding arrangement, similar to the wage withholding now executed by corporations and other employers, would transmit a portion of the due tax to the IRS, thus signaling the computers that Joe Sixpack has earned interest income of some amount. (Accounts earning interest of less than $150 a year would be exempt.) Also, the knowledge that the government already knows about such income concentrates the reporting conscience nicely.

Bankers say that savers will be hurt because their withheld interest will not be compounded during the year. The fact of the matter is that banks (and other financial institutions) can delay withholding until the end of the year, thus eliminating any compounding loss.

Will the elderly be hurt, as the banks have stated, alleging that "savings will disappear"? Senior citizens aged 65 or older with a tax liability of $1,500 or less in the preceding year ($2,500 for joint returns) are exempt. Will you have to fill out a form to be exempt? Correct. Name, address, Social Security number, account number. Big deal.

Bankers want the IRS to do the work involved, by taking the 1099 forms already sent by financial institutions and matching these 1099s with the taxpayers' annual returns. The IRS correctly notes that such auditing procedures would entail not only vast computer outlays, but millions of phone calls, letters, visits—many of them involving tiny amounts of money.

Why are the banks mounting this all-out campaign? Cost is the reason most often heard. But bankers will tell you privately that the $3-billion extra cost figure is much inflated, and that the true price tag annually would probably not exceed $600 million—all of which, by the way, is deductible. Further, to ease the burden, the government allows banks to "float" the withheld revenues for thirty days, i.e., use the moneys to gain interest before turning them over to the Treasury.

Equitable Tax Treatment

The real reason banks are opposed to withholding is public relations: they don't want to be put in the position of being the government's tax collector. Bob Dole's position is that since the banks pay one of the lowest effective tax rates of any industry, they ought to be a little more docile in helping out the government in its effort to prevent tax fraud. "Which is better?" asks Dole. "To clamp down on tax compliance or to impose new taxes? Or to lose indexation? Or to have an even bigger deficit?"

Dole is in this battle for the long haul, and he has the President and Treasury Secretary squarely in train. (The Administration, after all, proposed the withholding requirement last summer.) Dole sees this as a leadership issue for him, populist in character (David against the banking Goliath). In such contests Dole has an uncanny ability to turn around almost impossible odds against him. His quick, amiably sardonic wit helps a lot in accomplishing this. Recently, when talking about the need to pass the jobs bill (which Senator Kasten was then holding hostage to repeal of withholding), with its sizable amounts of humanitarian aid, Dole observed: "The last time they held a cheese line, I didn't see one banker show up."

Withholding is a bum issue for conservatives. Withholding contributes to equitable tax treatment, a rudiment of conservative thought. Deplore the taxation of savings, of course. But while the tax is in place, it should be administered fairly. □

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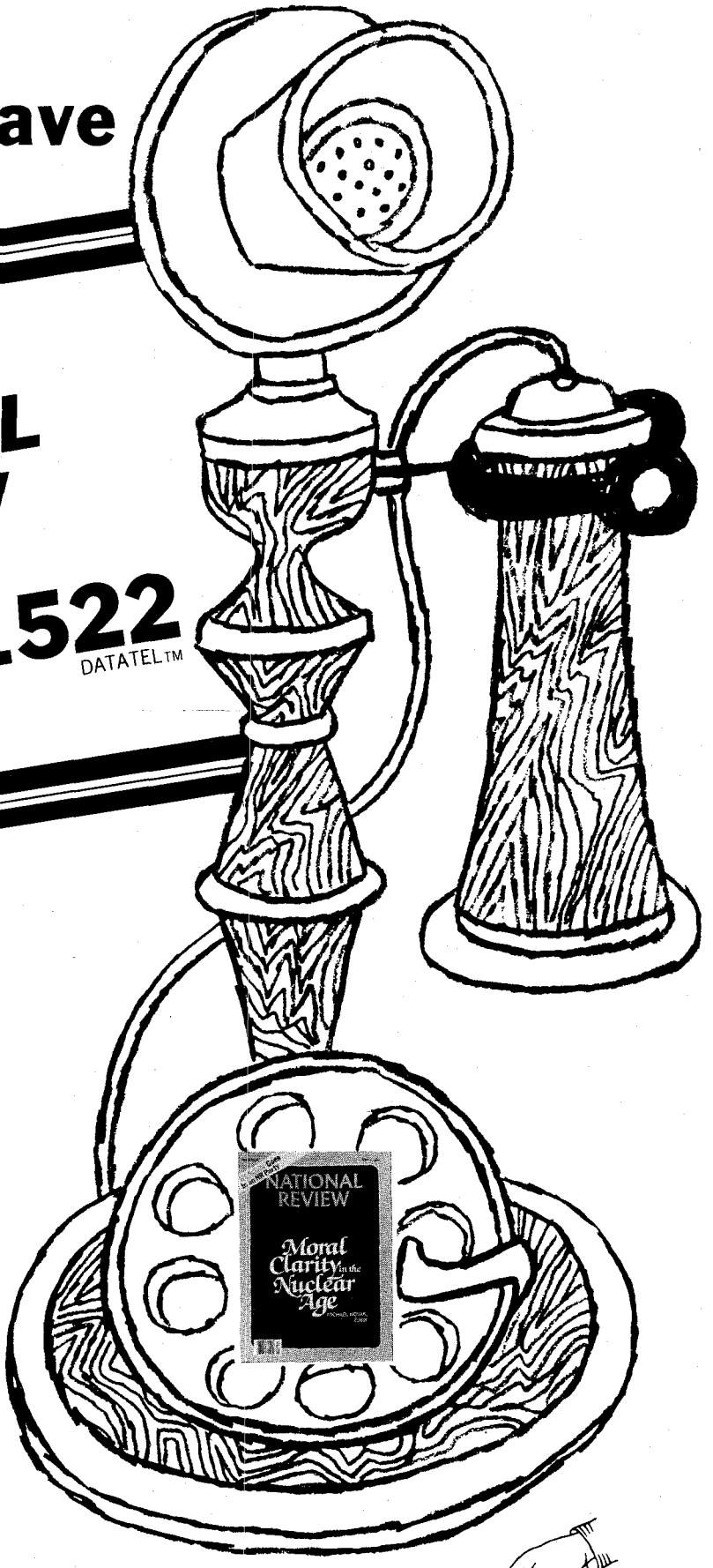

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POLITICAL ECONOMY

Greed (and Envy)

TOM BETHELL

GREED IS a vice that we often hear mentioned, but never defined. More than anything it seems to be a generalized accusation against U.S. society, calculated to make Americans above a certain income feel bad about themselves. The leftist economists, academics, legislators, and commentators who are so ready to impute this moral dereliction to their fellow countrymen rarely name names. As a result, rarely is any defense offered against the charge of "greed."

What is greed, and when is someone guilty of it? St. Thomas Aquinas does not mention it, and, unlike gluttony or covetousness, it is not among the seven deadly sins. I have asked a number of Catholics what would elicit from them the subsequent confession of greed, but I have received no clear guidance. The word itself, according to dictionaries, is a back-formation from "greedy," which as often as not seems to mean gluttonous.

Gluttony implies that you eat too much according to some absolute standard, not just by comparison with everyone else. It is possible to imagine world food productivity so high that every single person in the world could commit gluttony on the same day. For one person to have committed gluttony, another need not have been deprived of a meal.

But those who accuse Americans of greed seem to have in mind a comparative relationship. One group possesses more than another—therefore it is greedy. Nothing is known about the predisposition or state of mind of any individual in the allegedly greedy group. Notice that this is the precise counterpart of the recent left-liberal finding that various institutional arrangements "discriminate" against certain groups claiming victim-status and so warrant remedy, even though no invidious acts have been established.

Surely, however, we do not know that someone is greedy because he possesses more than others, or because his income is higher than others', any more than we know he is a racist because he is white (or black). Robert Lekachman's claim (*NR*, "Letters," June 25, 1982) that corporate officers are greedy because their pay increases recently exceeded average pay increases does not make the case that anyone is greedy. It is a mere invidious comparison, calculated to stir up envy. (N.B. Aquinas's definition of envy: sorrow or sadness over another's good.)

Highly paid businessmen may have many faults, but it is far from clear that greed is one of them. One thinks of these gentlemen standing in the early morning mist on the railway platforms of Greenwich and Stamford, and returning wearily home 12 hours later. They may be egotistical, they may neglect wife and family, but do we know that they are greedy? Or one thinks of Dan Rather, paid more than $1 million a year by CBS. Since CBS stands to gain or lose sums of money greatly in excess of the anchorman's salary depending on his performance, his high salary is "set" by the market. It is not Rather's greed (so far as I know) but the existence of NBC and ABC that accounts for his high pay. Most other businessmen benefit from the same system (competition).

Mark Green of the Democracy Project makes the point that some top executives are free to set their own pay, unconstrained by stockholders. No doubt there is some truth to this. He may have identified a small chink in the market system, through which greed can enter. But it constitutes neither a national problem nor a demonstration that any given executive really has been greedy. Stockholders will be only too glad to retain a highly paid executive if the company is doing well, and they will be only too glad to get rid of him if the company is doing badly. (Green, incidentally, says that he doesn't normally use the word greed.)

Greed, perhaps, involves helping ourselves immoderately to things or money in situations where there is little external constraint on our taking possession of them. (Mark Green's self-remunerating business executives would fit into this definition.) But the whole point about a capitalist society is that private property, and the sanctions protecting it, do impose precisely such external constraint. Money and goods cannot just be picked up on the streets. (If they are obtained illegally then we are talking about something other than greed.)

One is hardly behaving greedily if one buys something at the market price. At that price the seller wants to sell. But perhaps we do see greed, or something like it, at giveaway close-out sales, when people—knowing that the bargains won't last—fight their way through to the counter. Greed is more likely to be on display in low-price department-store sales than in high-price Beverly Hills boutiques.

Imagine that we suddenly found ourselves governed by a Communist ruler who decreed—compassionately, he might think—that private property be abolished and everything henceforth be held in common. Since it would then be legal to help ourselves to the contents of each others' houses (and the houses themselves) we would see scenes of greed not dreamed of in Lekachman's philosophy (socialism). Guns would come into use in private hands.

PRIVATE PROPERTY, so often thought of as an inducement to greed, is in fact the strongest bulwark against it. Since people do indeed tend to covet their neighbors' goods, it is better to discourage that tendency by establishing property rights than to encourage it by legalizing the free-for-all of common "ownership."

The irony is that the people who most frequently accuse Americans of greed are the very ones who want to establish the political system (socialism) that would do most to encourage it. Under socialism, property rights are the first to go. Look at what happened in Russia, and all other Communist countries. Greed becomes the prerogative of a political elite that is unconstrained by the rule of law. Stalin was grotesquely greedy because he could kill anyone he liked with impunity. The greedy Brezhnev had his superfluous fleet of luxury limousines.

No, it is not greed that we need worry about in a free society, in which all are equally subordinate to the rule of law. Rather it is the viperous envy that so often nestles in the bosoms of those who accuse others of greed. □

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GEORGE GILDER

Family, Faith, and Economic Progress

I AM SOON going to be giving a speech to, not my Harvard class, but my father's Harvard class. This arose as something of a pleasant surprise because for months I've been receiving in the mail every two or three weeks a message from my own Harvard class, which is gathering also in Cambridge. And they were describing the various programs they had for my delectation.

They didn't suggest that I had anything to contribute to any of them: but nonetheless, they did declare that since we're obviously undergoing a terrible crisis of the family in America, I would be eager to hear a collection of family counselors whom my classmates had assembled. Beyond that, after that session, I was going to be able to hear about the exhaustion of natural resources in the world and the population explosion, which exerts such terrible pressure on our material endowment. And beyond that, I was going to hear about the problems of the Third World.

I felt rather resentful about this, and I decided not to attend my reunion, although at times I gravitated toward a possible disruptive attack on it. But I decided not to return.

Then, about three weeks ago, a member of my father's class called up. My father was killed in the Second World War, and I never knew him at all. As a matter of fact, I never much allowed anybody to talk to me about him because I always felt somehow embarrassed; I felt that when they described his extraordinary virtues—and they were rather extraordinary—somehow by extension I was being praised. Also, I had a stepfather later on whom I loved deeply and who I felt might be hurt by hearing too much about my own father.

So I really wasn't told about him. I understood that he had done a lot of writing, but all of it had supposedly been lost during the course of moves from one household to another. The only sample I did see was a front-page editorial he wrote on the arrival of Franklin Roosevelt at the tercentenary celebration of Harvard. It ended with the statement, "Let the presence of this man in the White House at the time of our great tercentenary celebration serve as a useful antidote to the natural overemphasis on Harvard successes." This was the way he tended to write, I gathered, so I was eager to see some of his work.

The day after I received the first bound pages of *Wealth and Poverty*, which was well on its way to publication, I was told by my uncle that, to his great surprise, he had discovered in his basement a big box full of my father's papers. I eagerly went through them, and at the top was a 175-page manuscript that he was working on when he died. The entire stress of it was on what he called "intangible capital": that we couldn't measure capital formation in terms of numbers, but instead it was the intangible capital and the ambitions and the motivations of the people that really determined economic growth. The book could very well have been entitled *Wealth and Poverty*.

The Always Impossible Future

But anyway, I was delighted to hear that my father's class was inviting me to speak before them, since I think that Harvard has been in a steady decline since their time. Today, as a matter of fact, the future of American education lies in the hands of various religious-affiliated institutions that are arising across the country.

So family has been very important to me in a really personal way, and so has the idea that the relationships within the family are embodied in a religious consciousness. They aren't simply a matter of narrow self-interest—as most economists have believed the system works, from the time of Adam Smith—but in fact, the family, tied together with love, is the source of all productivity and growth. This is where it starts; this is where people gain their connections to the future, from which all these processes of saving and creativity derive. In fact, I think one of the real problems with what is called supply-side economics in its most limited analysis is that it denies or at least ignores these religious dimensions that are crucial to all our lives and in fact pervade all human experience.

Now, what I'm essentially going to tell the Class of 1936,

Mr. Gilder is the author of Sexual Suicide, Naked Nomads, Visible Man, *and* Wealth and Poverty. *This piece is excerpted from* The Wealth of Families, *edited by Carl A. Anderson and William J. Gribbin, and published by the American Family Institute in Washington, D.C.* ©*1982 The American Family Institute.*

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and what I think is important for us to understand, is that the anti-family despair about the future that is epidemic in the world today and that is characteristic of my class at Harvard is not based on any objective conditions we face. Indeed, to anybody who has any imagination, who conceives of what it was like to be in the Class of 1936, moving out of the Great Depression, moving toward the Second World War, the idea that the problems we face today are somehow extraordinary or especially difficult or unparalleled in human experience is nonsense. As a matter of fact, for my father to write a militant testament to the vitality of capitalism between 1936 and 1941 was far more bold and daring than for me today, with all the postwar experience behind me, to assert that capitalism is the crucial source of growth and progress.

There is this sort of megalomania of our current generation, the belief that our current problems are especially difficult; and most of this belief derives from what I've called the "materialist fallacy," the notion that people are somehow the problem, that resources are material and finite in quantity, and that, as populations expand, people somehow constitute a burden on resources.

The fact is that resources have always appeared finite to any group throughout human history that contemplated existing material resources and attempted to measure them. They have always predicted their exhaustion, from the time of Malthus to the endless estimates of experts about our current situation. They have always suggested that the human predicament is impossible.

As a matter of fact, by a narrow, rational calculus, the human predicament is always impossible. The great problem in contemporary society is that this narrow, rational calculus prevails and thus leads to a kind of despair. This in turn leads to programs of planning and control that exclude precisely those surprises of human creativity that have always overcome all our human difficulties. And that is why the predictions of gloom and despair have a perfect counterpoint in the programs for regulation and control. It is this counterpoint that really reflects a failure of faith, because, by a rational calculus, the future is always impossible.

To get an idea of the problems of expertise in that sense, last year at MIT all the leading geologists assembled to contemplate the prospects for energy resources in the future. These experts solemnly decided that by 2015 a total of seventy trillion cubic feet of natural gas would be discovered in North America. Their book was published this year under the title *Energy in Transition*; by the time it came out, there were two finds in Canada believed to represent some 440 trillion cubic feet of natural gas. And then in Louisiana and the Tuscaloosa trench there were further immense discoveries of geo-pressurized methane that are now being delivered for the first time.

The essential point is that experts are always wrong on these major issues affecting future policy. And to the extent that we depend on experts and allow decision-making power to depart from families and individuals and businesses and churches and rise toward governments, the human creativity that is indispensable to overcoming our problems is thwarted, and the very horizons of the future are beclouded.

This is indisputably our crucial problem, because it's clear that, in any objective terms, the various difficulties we face around the world—from overpopulation to energy shortages to economic stagnation—pale before the overwhelming crises that have persisted throughout human history.

I believe that conservatives themselves to some extent have contributed to this problem in the economic sphere because they've tended to focus on the economic realm as if it were separate from the larger domain of human activity. This in effect began with Adam Smith. It wasn't that Adam Smith himself had such a narrow view, but the interpretation of Adam Smith that has been transmitted through the classical economic tradition has focused on self-interest as the governing force in capitalism. I believe, on the contrary, that self-interest leads us by an invisible hand to an ever-growing welfare state, as people pursue comfort and security before everything else and abandon the long-term goals that always depend on faith in God and faith in the future for their fulfillment.

This is one of the major flaws of conservative economics, which, like Keynesian theory, seeks to establish itself as a

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science with *Homo economicus* at the center, making optimizing decisions. The fact is that, as John Kenneth Galbraith himself remarked a few years ago in a fascinating confession called *The Nature of Mass Poverty*, what self-interested individuals do in a depressed and stagnant economy is accommodate themselves to their poverty. This is why Galbraith has essentially given up on overcoming the problems of poverty in the Third World. If they can't be solved through socialism, he doesn't believe they can be solved in any way.

Faith and Poverty

Yet, compared to life in the Third World today, how much more depressing was life for the poor at the time of the Industrial Revolution, or at the time when the colonists arrived at Plymouth Rock? If the poor today are accommodating themselves to their poverty despite the incontrovertible demonstrations of incredible economic growth following from commitments to capitalist organization and the adoption of new technologies, how much more rational would it have been for our forefathers to accommodate themselves to their poverty? It's clear today that poverty can easily be overcome. But in that earlier period, the era when the Industrial Revolution in fact emerged, it would have been much more rational to succumb meekly to the condition of poverty.

The crucial dimension of escaping our current predicament is faith in God and faith in the future. The real problem of the American economy is not, narrowly construed, some objective pressure on natural resources, some new development of rising populations, but a collapse of faith and a relinquishing of decision-making to experts devoted to a very rational calculus of our affairs.

The problem was well summed up by Chesterton when he said that the argument for expertise would be unanswerable if it were true that someone who kept looking at something—who looked at something every day and practiced it—went on seeing more and more of it. But the expert doesn't see more and more of something; he sees less and less of it, or less and less of its real significance. And that is why, as we give ourselves over to the ministrations of experts, the crucial sources of faith and progress get eclipsed.

The greatest triumph of expertise probably has been evinced in Sweden, where experts control family policy to a degree that could scarcely be imagined in the United States. Every single goal of the Left on family policy in the United States prevails in Sweden. They even have laws against spanking your children. They give paternity leave. They have every kind of anti-discrimination program, they have every kind of day-care support, they have every imaginable family-planning effort, they have sexual education from early childhood; they have really fulfilled entirely the mandate of the family planners. And before we proceed another step on this course that we're following, our own experts had better come to terms with the results of this experiment.

Sweden now has a 60 per cent higher divorce rate than the United States. We have a terrible divorce rate; they have a divorce rate 60 per cent higher. Half of all pregnancies in Sweden are ended by abortion, despite the fact that the Swedes have a wider distribution of contraceptive information and instruction than any other people. And despite the fact that half of the pregnancies end in abortion, a third of all children born in Sweden are born out of wedlock. This is in a country that has fulfilled our agenda for enlightened family planning. That's about three times the American rate of illegitimacy, which is itself depressingly high.

Casualties of the War

This is another case where the experts have completely destroyed the institutions and the purposes that they ostensibly sought to serve. This is the dead end of the kind of policies that are being urged upon us so widely in the United States as the answer to the problem of the family.

Expertise has had the same kind of counter-productive effect in the area of poverty. During the Sixties we underwent a great war on poverty, and many people today believe that the war on poverty in some way succeeded, that now only 6.4 per cent or 5.6 per cent of all Americans are below the poverty line. Somehow we've abolished poverty by redistributing income.

This belief, I'm distressed to say, is entirely untrue. What in fact has happened since the 1960s is a great increase in the incomes of the poor in America at the cost of the catastrophic breakdown of their families. And since the family is the only institution capable of generating upward mobility, the higher incomes have come in exchange for the perpetuation and intensification of poverty in America.

In the ghetto, where all these poverty programs were concentrated, the situation is worse today than it was two decades ago. Here again is a case where the liberal experts have to confront the facts. This is their test. They enacted all these programs, they concentrated them specifically on the black poor in the central cities of America; and the result today is that six out of ten black children are brought up without a father in the home. This is a desperate tragedy, and it's directly attributable, and can be shown to be attributable, to these very programs that the experts thought could solve the problem of poverty.

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The fact is that the kind of expertise to which we increasingly resort in attempting to overcome what are called our social problems almost dependably exacerbates them. I think there is a real reason for this, and I think it comes again in relation to the perception of narrow self-interest as the driving force in the system.

This idea creates a kind of economics without a soul. It creates an economics without the faith in the future that is crucial to all economic triumph. This idea that capitalism is somehow a Faustian pact we make with the devil, in which we achieve economic growth by exploiting greed and avarice, is profoundly misconceived and cannot work.

The way capitalism does work is by inducing people to satisfy the appetites of others in imaginative ways. The capitalist succeeds to the extent that other people succeed and to the extent that he responds imaginatively to the needs of others. In other words, not self-interest but altruism is the crux of the capitalist triumph. This does not mean that all capitalists are altruistic or generous, but it does mean that the system can succeed only to the extent that producers respond imaginatively to the needs of others. In turn, capitalism succeeds to the extent that it grants to those people who have shown an ability to forgo immediate gratification in order to pursue long-term goals the resources to continue that process.

Giving and Redistributing

The essence of this process is not that capitalism gives greater rewards to people who take risks and launch new enterprises; it's that capitalism links knowledge with power. It gives greater resources to those who have already concerned themselves with the imaginative fulfillment of the needs of others.

Ordinarily, somebody who succeeds in building up a business or who launches some new product has gained knowledge in the course of the project; and this knowledge, then, is connected to that process of reinvestment that is at the heart of the system. The problem of redistribution is that as soon as somebody does succeed in this way, the money is taken away from him; or else he's forced to turn his attention away from his real work and instead spend his time closeted with tax consultants, tax lawyers, and tax planning advisors.

The notion of giving is really the crux of capitalist success. It's not that the system allows leading capitalists to revel in wealth—if they hoard their wealth, the system tends to fail—it's that the capitalist keeps giving back to the system, and that's what makes it grow.

The key misconception of the Left is that giving is somehow simple and easy. You just stand on the street corner and distribute dollars, or you create a welfare system that redistributes money. But anybody who really considers the problem closely discovers that it's difficult to give without harming, that it takes intimate knowledge to give without taking in the long run. That's why families are the crucial instrument of overcoming poverty: because people who live with other people and have direct responsibility for them, who bear children and thus have their lives descended into the future, can give in a productive and successful way. Distant institutions distribute dollars, but they cannot really give.

Capitalists and capitalist institutions, to the extent that they can successfully reinvest, can successfully pursue this process of giving. Capitalism is the system that makes it possible to give productively, to give in a way that really does help other people, by creating jobs and markets and opportunities for others. This is the essence of capitalist success. It derives from the crucial institutions of family and faith, and it is founded on the proposition that you give and you'll be given unto. □

Graffiti Literati

SWIFT
Old Jonathan Swift
Had a cynical drift,
And died sad and mean
Of congenital spleen.

BYRON
Handsome Lord Byron,
When in the environ
Of ladies with looks,
Abandoned his books.

WORDSWORTH
Will Wordsworth was prone
Beside a mossy stone
With Violet to lie
Half-hidden from the eye.

MARLOWE
Marlowe (called Kit)
Was immoral (a bit)
And sang with elation
Of cohabitation.

—GLORIA MAXSON

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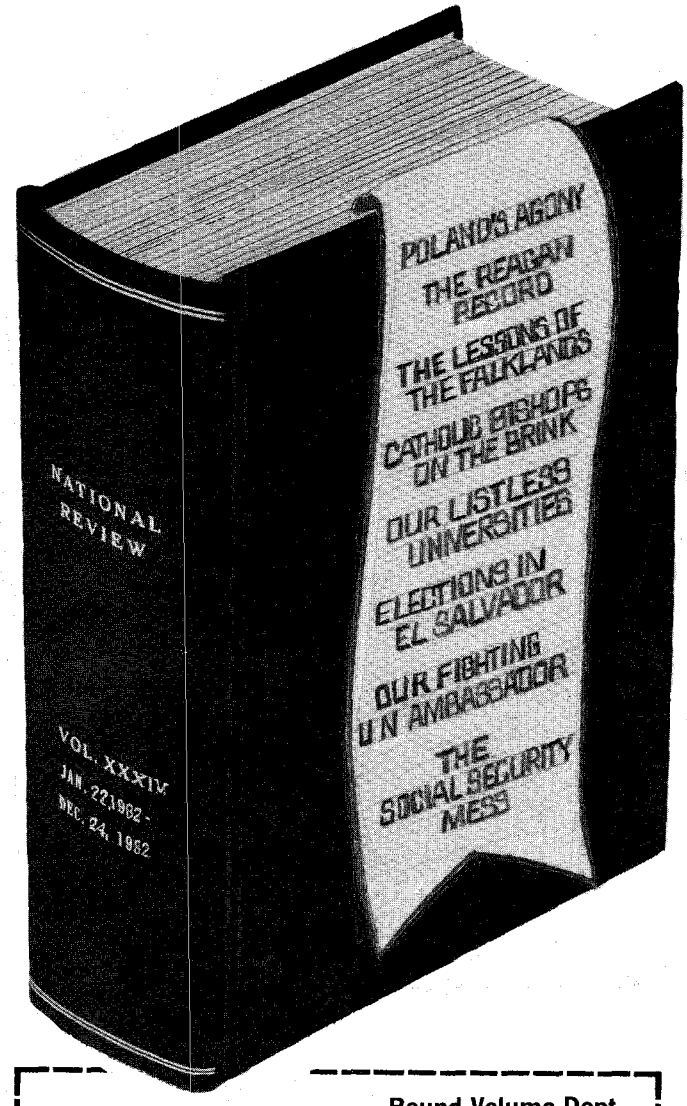

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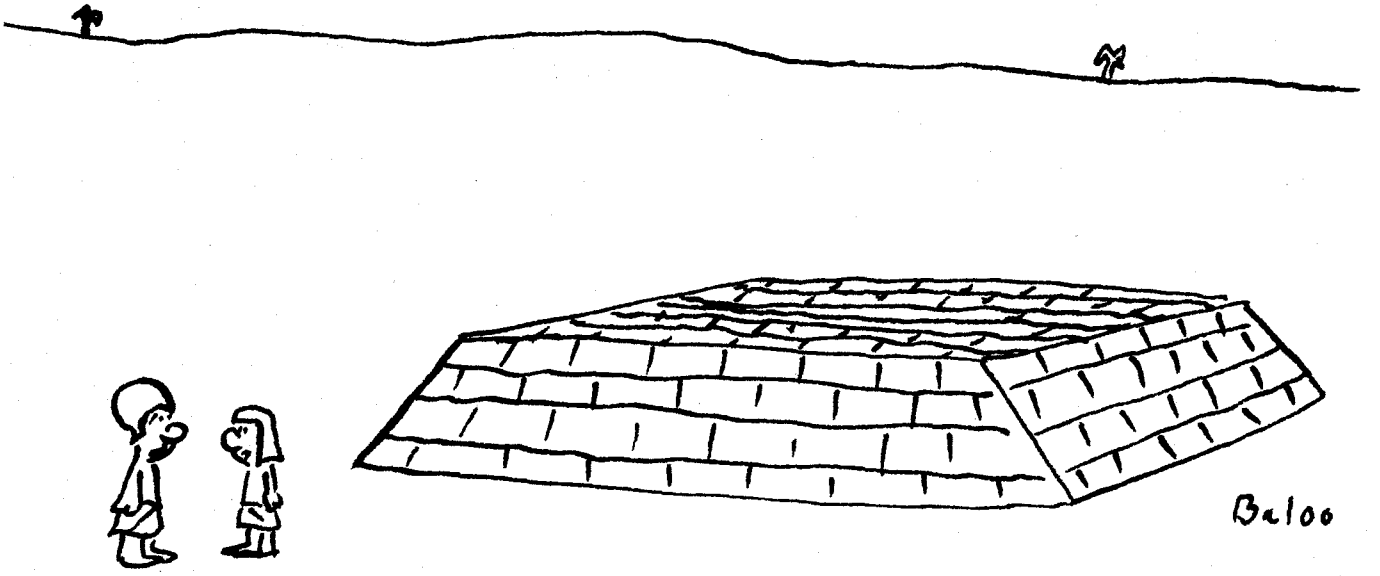

"And then there was a massive, across-the-board tax cut . . ."

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Masterpiece Theatre

If all those screaming for a freeze
Watched Neville Chamberlain appease
The German state,
It's possible the series served
To help the jumpy and unnerved
Regenerate.

W. H. VON DREELE

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IN HOMAGE

From Leon Trotsky to the Medal of Freedom. In between came The Managerial Revolution, The Machiavellians, Containment or Liberation?, Suicide of the West, *and the 'best column on international affairs in contemporary English journalism'*

The Political Thought of James Burnham

BRIAN CROZIER

THE NEWS that President Reagan has awarded the Medal of Freedom to James Burnham brings me particular pleasure. Burnham's intellectual contribution to the defense of freedom in the world is immense, and this official recognition of it is welcome.

I have never concealed the fact that I regard James Burnham as my political mentor; I was honored when NATIONAL REVIEW invited me to take over his column some years ago. It is therefore a pleasure to pay him homage.

There is of course a "Burnham case," as well as a Burnham *œuvre*, and each must be seen in relation to the other. During the seven or eight years before the spring of 1940, Burnham was active in the radical and labor movements in America. During several of those years he edited *The New International*, the chief theoretical journal of the so-called Trotskyists. Actually, although Stalin exiled Trotsky and had him murdered, there is only a minimal difference between "Communism" and Trotskyism. When the Fourth International was founded in 1938, the American component—the Socialist Workers' Party—declared (despite Trotsky's murder) that it was a duty to defend the Soviet Union unconditionally.

This background raises questions: Why did Burnham join the Trotskyists? Why did he never join the Communist Party? Why did he break with Marxism? To me, an even more interesting question than any of these is: Why did the American liberal-progressive establishment break with Burnham and ostracize him?

James Burnham was born in 1905. A graduate of Princeton and Balliol, he began teaching at New York University in 1929 (becoming Professor of Philosophy three years later and holding that post until 1954). With Philip E. Wheelwright, he edited a well-known quarterly, *The Symposium*, for about four years. He flirted with pacifism and was involved in the Peace Pledge Union. But his activist phase really began in the summer of 1932, when he came in contact with unemployed auto workers in Detroit and coal miners in Illinois. He met the "Reverend" A. J. Muste, a curious figure of the radical Left at that time, who was a Protestant minister of obscure denomination. Muste ran a labor college that provided training for political activists within the American trade unions, especially among the unemployed. These activities attracted James Burnham and another young intellectual, Sidney Hook. All three of them had a hand in setting up the American Workers' Party in 1933, which soon merged with Muste's own group and a Trotskyist organization, the Communist League of America, headed by a workingman called James P. Cannon, who was also a founding member of Lenin's Comintern. There was some involvement at that time with yet another organization, the International Workers of the World, known quaintly as "the Wobblies." When he joined the American Workers' Party, James Burnham consciously became a Trotskyist.

Burnham was to say later, very firmly, that his commitment to Trotskyism never included its philosophical foundation. If capitalism was cracking up, as it appeared to be, and could no longer provide the structure of an acceptable society, his assumption was that socialism was the only alternative. He therefore supported the proposition that a "new revolutionary party" was the way to achieve it.

In 1936, the American Workers' Party, *en bloc*, joined the Socialist Party of the U.S.A. This mass infiltration was, in

This article draws heavily on a longer article by Mr. Crozier, published in The Lugano Review *(No. 11/12, 1976) under the title "My Pilgrimage to Kent (Connecticut)."*

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Burnham's words, "100 per cent phony." Waking up to what was happening, the Socialists expelled the Trotskyists, who thereupon set up the Socialist Workers' Party—which remains to this day the major Trotskyist organization in the United States.

During the infiltration period, Burnham corresponded with Trotsky, who tried hard to turn him into a True Believer. By this time, however, Burnham had decided that the Soviet Union was not the workers' paradise it was claimed to be. By then, Burnham's eyes had been opened to the unscrupulous character of Communist/Trotskyist tactics. Early in 1940, James Burnham broke with Marxism. He did not go through the emotional and spiritual turmoil that is usual in such cases. As he explained to me many years later: "God had not failed, so far as I was concerned. I had been mistaken, and when I came to realize the extent of my mistakes, it was time to say good-bye." He retained, however, the conviction that there were "some elements of truth in the Leninist theory of the State," and he found in Marxism "some insights into the economic theory of history."

When Burnham broke with Trotskyism in 1939-40, few people outside of America had heard of him. He burst into almost instant world fame in 1941 with the publication of *The Managerial Revolution*. His theory that control of the world was passing into the hands of the managers, that capitalism had virtually lost its power and was being replaced not by socialism but by the rule of administrators in business and government, was hailed by the *New York Times* as "extraordinarily impressive." An instant best-seller, the book was translated into most major languages. Much of it remains persuasive more than forty years later. The author was still, however, deeply affected by Marxist determinism and confidently predicted the early demise of capitalism.

Having broken with Marxist organizations, James Burnham became a darling of the liberal-progressive intellectuals and of the anti-Communist Left. He joined the board of *Partisan Review*, to which he contributed along with Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., Lionel Trilling, Mary McCarthy, and other well-known writers.

Burnham's connection with *Partisan Review* came to grief at the height of the McCarthy period in the 1950s. With his uncompromising intellectual rigor, Burnham was able to take a more detached view of Senator McCarthy's activities than the great mass of his intellectual contemporaries. Most of America's intellectuals were not concerned with whether the Senator's allegations were true or false: he had become a hate-symbol, and anybody who failed to condemn him was automatically called a "McCarthyite."

At the end of 1953, Burnham resigned from *Partisan Review*. In his letter of resignation, he described "McCarthyism" as "an invention of the Communist tacticians." He was never to be forgiven by the intellectual Left and from that point forward became virtually an unperson.

In *The Web of Subversion* (1954), published a year after his break with the Left, James Burnham told his own story of the truth within Senator McCarthy's charges. With his wife's help, he sifted through the enormous pile of evidence published by the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security, the House Committee on Un-American Activities, and the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations. From it, he distilled a succinct analysis running to only 236 pages. Confining himself to incontrovertible evidence, Burnham concluded that the Communist "web of subversion" had indeed penetrated the White House staff, the Departments of State, Treasury, Defense, Justice, Agriculture, Labor, and Commerce, and a long list of congressional committees and United Nations agencies. He also concluded, although less categorically, that Communist agents of influence had been responsible for the vacillations in American policy toward China that created the conditions for Chiang Kai-shek's defeat and Mao Tse-tung's victory; and likewise, in Yugoslavia, for the abandonment of Mihailovich and the backing of Tito.

Since the liberal-progressive consensus in the 1950s was that—regardless of the evidence—there was no conspiracy save in the eyes of the demagogic Joseph McCarthy and the iniquitous Richard Nixon, it was clear after the publication of *The Web of Subversion*, if not before, that James Burnham could no longer expect membership in the club of literary intellectuals.

The Meaning of Burnham

In terms of intellectual development, *The Web* can be seen as a punctuation mark in the extraordinary series of more fundamental books on which, as I believe, James Burnham's enduring fame as a political thinker will rest. To me, the most fundamental is *The Machiavellians*, which appeared at the height of World War II (in 1943) and attracted relatively little attention. I regard it as a major formative influence in my own intellectual development, and indeed it was this book above all others that first taught me *how* to think about politics.

The key that Burnham offers is the distinction between *formal meaning* and *real meaning*. To illustrate the distinction, Burnham begins with an extended quotation from the 1932 platform of the American Democratic Party, with its sweeping promises of reform that—on the evidence—those who made them had not the slightest intention of fulfilling. He then flashes back six hundred years to the troubled times of Dante Alighieri, and to his treatise on politics, *De Monarchia*. In this product of a presumably enlightened medieval mind, Dante called for universal peace and a single unified world-state—utopian goals that have not, in our late twentieth century, ceased to be fashionable. Was Dante, then, a liar? Were those who drafted the Democratic platform of 1932 unscrupulous deceivers? Not necessarily, in either case. It is just that in both cases the writers were using formal words and expressions in lieu of those corresponding to their intentions. When Dante was discussing universal peace, salvation, and world government, "what is really at issue is whether the Florentine Republic is to be run by its own citizens or submitted to the exploitation of a reactionary foreign monarch." When the Democrats were promising a balanced budget and a sound currency, what they really meant was that they saw themselves as the people best fitted to take control of the money supply.

The first important Western political writer to break with the tradition of idealized rhetoric was Machiavelli, and the bulk of Burnham's book deals with modern "Machiavel-

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lians"—Mosca, Sorel (surprisingly), Michels, and Pareto. He called them "defenders of freedom," because it is only when the people are told the truth that their interests are safeguarded. James Burnham is himself, of course, eminently in the Machiavellian tradition, in the nonpejorative connotation of that term. (We are in this context concerned not with Machiavelli's cynical advice to his Prince, but with his scientific observation of political realities.)

Burnham's next three books need to be considered together, being essentially the separate volumes of a political trilogy about the Soviet and Communist threat to the rest of the world. In retrospect, these books make painful, and even traumatic, reading. For the dreadful warnings of Solzhenitsyn were all there—explicitly or implicitly—in *The Struggle for the World* (1947), *The Coming Defeat of Communism* (1950), and *Containment or Liberation?* (1952). If the leaders of the West, and especially of the United States, had listened to Burnham thirty years ago, we should not now face defeat in the Third World War, and find ourselves on the short cut to the Gulag in light of Russia's preponderant military power.

The first sentence of *The Struggle for the World* is the most shattering, and one of the shortest, Burnham ever wrote. It reads simply: "The Third World War began in April 1944." Writing only two years after the event, he described the mutiny of Greek sailors at Alexandria, led by members of the militant resistance organization ELAS, under the indirect orders of the Greek Communist Party. He went on to mention the subsequent Greek civil war, the attempted seizure of the northern Iranian province of Azerbaijan by Moscow-controlled Communists, and the continuing struggle in China. His originality, at that time, was to see that these incidents were neither the accompaniment nor the aftermath of the Second World War, but the beginning of an entirely new conflict.

When *The Coming Defeat of Communism* appeared in 1950, the cold war was at its height. There was some evidence that the United States had stopped vacillating and was "getting tough" with the Communists. The Berlin airlift—a "dazzling technical and human achievement," in Burnham's words—had at least shown Stalin that he would not necessarily get his way everywhere and unchallenged.

'God had not failed; I had been mistaken. And when I came to realize the extent of my mistakes, it was time to say good-bye'

The Marshall Plan was an outstanding example of enlightened self-interest on the part of the United States, and a superb demonstration of the economic strength of the "main citadel of capitalism." Above all, as part of what became known as the Truman Doctrine, the Americans had intervened in Greece to prevent a Communist take-over. The greater U.S. involvement in Korea still lay in the future while Burnham was writing his book, but would soon show that the tougher policy was not ephemeral.

Such indications of intent were grounds for optimism; yet they did not satisfy James Burnham. Greece? "It is apparent," wrote Burnham, "that the Greek intervention, both in conception and in execution, is purely defensive." As for the Marshall Plan, it was well intended but inadequate. Delivering himself of one of his rare erroneous judgments, Burnham wrote: "West European economic and political reconstruction is impossible so long as there are mass Communist movements within the major West European nations, since these movements can and will block the reconstruction." One should add, in fairness, that the demonstrated power of the Western Communist parties—especially the French—to call political strikes and prevent or disrupt the unloading of American supplies appeared to justify that pessimistic prognostication.

In another of these rare mistaken judgments, incidentally, Burnham doubted the ability of Mao Tse-tung and the Chinese Communist Party to consolidate their hold on the conquered Mainland within a short period—an error of optimism. In all major points, however, his analysis of the beginnings of the Third World War was masterly. His chapters on "The Nature of Communism" in *The Struggle for the World* and on "The Communist Conduct of Contemporary War" and "The Direction of Political-Subversive War" in *The Coming Defeat of Communism* are classics, and still integrally valid despite polycentrism and the Sino-Soviet schism. His understanding of the subversive process —born of experience—was perfect. America's simple-minded reliance on military power appalled him. In his effort to educate the policymakers, he would resort to homespun language accessible to hillbilly voters and their representatives. Thus:

> As a nation, we are not unlike a very strong man, who, at a bar or a racetrack, is most of the time good-natured, careless, even stupid, and who allows himself to be kidded and pushed around and cheated; but who does so partly because of his strength, and his confidence that when things go really too far he can whip any man or combination of men in the crowd. So, in international affairs, the United States has often acted as if it didn't really much matter what was done in peacetime, whether policy was intelligent or stupid, whether we let other nations get away with this or that grab, whether, forgetting all about foreign policy, we concentrate on domestic votes. When the time for war comes, no matter what has meanwhile happened, we can whip them all. Thus it has so far been in our history.

What a comment, 25 years before the event, on America's defeat in the Vietnam War.

What, then, was to be done? Examining the possibilities of a deal between the United States and the USSR, James Burnham proposed five clauses that are worth summarizing here because of their clear relevance to the situation (infinitely more grave) that we face a quarter-century later:

1. The liquidation de facto of the Communist Fifth Column. (That is, no declarations of intent, but proof of the deed accomplished.)
2. The cessation of Soviet-directed propaganda in furtherance of Communist world domination.
3. The total withdrawal of Red Army and MVD (read: KGB) personnel from all territory outside the pre-1939 borders.
4. Free choice of government in all territories subjected to Soviet control since 1939. Return of all persons from these territories held in Soviet jails or prison camps.
5. Unrestricted access to the Soviet Union for visitors, journalists, diplomats, businessmen, students—and magazines

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and books. (A precise anticipation of Basket III of the Helsinki Agreements, this.) And the prohibition of the manufacture of weapons of mass destruction in the Soviet Union, under safeguards. (Russia's first atomic bomb was exploded in August 1949.)

Exasperated enough with the policymakers, Burnham was scathing about his businessmen compatriots. Having proved their ability to make successful deals within their own country, they nourished the conceit that they could be equally successful in negotiating deals, profitable to themselves, with the Communist countries. In the 1970s, with great capitalist organizations such as the Chase Manhattan Bank, or Morgan Guaranty Trust, helping to finance the Soviet military machine (through credits to a civilian sector systematically starved of resources), and with Western businessmen rushing to give the Soviet Union the tools to finish the job of burying capitalism, Western industry and banking should have studied Burnham's chapter on "The Suicidal Mania of American Business."

'Do what you want with the Poles, Czechs, Rumanians, Balts, Slovaks, Bulgarians, Hungarians, Albanians, Chinese . . . Fill your slave-labor camps'

Why, then, the optimistic note in the title, *The Coming Defeat of Communism*? Another of Burnham's occasional lapses, I fear. Two years later, he was painfully aware that American foreign policy had taken a wrong turning. His next book, *Containment or Liberation?*, was a devastating critique of the policy of containment, as first advocated anonymously by George F. Kennan in a famous article in the July 1947 issue of *Foreign Affairs*.

At his most delicately ironical, Burnham begins with praise for the United States in that, for the first time when not at war, it actually has a foreign policy. There had, in fact, been three policy options in the period—bewildering to American public opinion and idealistic policymakers alike—that followed immediately on Germany's defeat, when Stalin demonstrated his ruthless imperialistic appetite. One was appeasement, which was not given serious consideration because of recent memories of Chamberlain and Munich. A second possibility—taking the offensive—was ruled out as offensive (in the other sense) to the American tradition. Instead the Truman Administration, counseled by George Kennan, opted for "containment," which was neither fish nor fowl, but suggested firmness without giving offense to peace-loving liberals. In some of the best passages in his entire *œuvre*, James Burnham demonstrated that in practice containment would inevitably turn into appeasement. Here is a sample of Burnham's prose in this, his full maturity:

> If the United States and its allies are serious about containment, they are saying to the Soviet leadership: Move into a new territory outside the recognized boundaries of your sphere—into Greece or South Korea or West Berlin or western Austria, for example—and we will resist, even by arms if necessary. Stay at home to cultivate your posted acres, and we will not interfere in any way. Do what you want with the Poles, Czechs, Rumanians, Balts, Slovaks, Bulgarians, Hungarians, Albanians, Chinese, Mongolians, and with Russians, Ukrainians, Kazakhs, Chechens, Georgians, and the others. Incorporate the satellite states juridically into the Soviet Union. Fill your slave-labor camps. Perpetrate your genocides. Organize the industry and manpower of your great sphere into a colossal war-making machine. Establish a death zone at your borders. Replace Christian Europeans along your western boundaries by collectivized Mongolians from the Siberian tundras. Russify the ancient cultures of Rumania, the Ukraine, Poland, Lithuania, Bohemia. Do all these things freely and without apprehension. So long as you keep the Red Army on your side of the line, we will neither interfere nor intervene.

But along with the rhetoric went some hard and concrete questions. What was the goal of containment? A deal with Moscow? Hardly, for that would be appeasement. To overthrow the Kremlin? Hardly, again. Well, then, what was it? Let Burnham sum up: "The policy of containment, stripped bare, is simply the bureaucratic verbalization of a policy of drift." The problem was too big, so "let's duck the responsibility . . . and slip the ball to old mother history."

Such devastation was understandably too strong for the delicate stomachs of the ruling (or merely intellectualizing) Establishment.

All this time, Burnham had held his Chair of Philosophy at New York University. Now, after the significant punctuation mark of *The Web of Subversion* and his break with *Partisan Review*, he sought a new home, and found it in this magazine—William F. Buckley Jr.'s platform for intelligent conservatism. There, for more than twenty years, he wrote the best, though unsyndicated, column on international affairs in contemporary English journalism.

Why had America taken its wrong turning? Probing his own mind for an answer, James Burnham wrote a series of lectures on American liberalism, which he later gathered together and amplified to produce a masterpiece: *Suicide of the West* (1964). It had taken him five years. In 1975 he wrote an additional chapter for a Conservative Book Club edition. It was almost like the old times of *The Managerial Revolution*, back on the best-seller lists.

What Burnham did in *Suicide of the West* was to offer the ultimate analysis (dissection would be a better word) of the liberal syndrome: the guilt complex; the moral imperative of aid to the Third World; the belief in human goodness; the devotion to "equality"; the assumption that all men are basically reasonable and will respond to a dialogue with the well-intentioned; and other givens. One by one, in his manner at once gentle and intellectually ruthless, he shows them up for the woolly and muddle-headed notions they are. More, he relates them to the relative decline of the United States as a world power and to the corresponding advance of the Soviet Union.

The Relevance of Burnham

I am happy to present this act of homage to a mentor I admired many years before I met him. We are surrounded by the proofs that what Burnham tried to tell the world decades ago was true and should have been heeded. "Detente" ensnared governments and businessmen alike, although some of the former took President Ford's belated hint that

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detente, as interpreted by Moscow, is indeed a dirty word. In *The Struggle for the World*, Burnham presented a simple but striking diagram of concentric circles to illustrate the outward expansion of Communist power. With the Soviet Union as the black center, there were circles for *absorption* (Baltic states, eastern Poland, etc.); for *domination* (Finland, Poland, etc.); for *orienting influence* (France, Italy, Latin America, etc.); and, on the outer rim, for *infiltration and demoralization* (England and the British Commonwealth, the United States and its dependencies).

It hasn't happened exactly as Burnham foresaw, but near enough for discomfort and depression. Skipping the oceans, the Soviets established their first remote-control satellite in Cuba, through KGB control. They attempted the same in Somalia and Egypt, succeeding for a while. The Vietnamese Communists used Soviet weapons to conquer South Vietnam. In Angola, the Russians used Cuban proxies. In Ethiopia, South Yemen, Afghanistan, the Soviets set up closely controlled dependencies. Since the Third World War began in 1944, the Russians have had countless setbacks and defeats, from Azerbaijan to China, to Egypt, to Chile. But each defeat is tactical, and the forward strategy continues.

All this, and much more, is the natural and predictable consequence of the West's failure to grasp the nature of the Communist strategy (although Burnham was kind and patient enough to explain it in readable prose); or, if it was understood, a lack of will and of resolution in going over to the counter-offensive. The dreadful error of "containment" haunts us yet; indeed, it led directly to the appeasing concessions of Kissinger and Sonnenfeldt in the early Seventies.

The only major work of James Burnham's that I have not considered here is his *Congress and the American Tradition* (1959), which is less relevant than the others to my central theme. In it, however, are some original reflections on the nature of legitimacy in government, and on the problems of liberty and democracy.

Today, in 1983, despite conservative criticisms of the Reagan Administration, there is greater hope still than at any time since Burnham's shattering works of the 1940s and 1950s. At least the President himself and some of his advisors have a fundamental understanding of the Soviet challenge as Burnham defined it. I like to think that American (and British) politicians in high places take time to read Burnham, or at the very least the most succinct of the vital series, *Containment or Liberation?* Whether or not they are persuaded by it, they will enjoy a prose style of rare elegance and power, quite uncluttered by the academic jargon and convoluted syntax that disfigure so many worthy products of American universities. □

Funversation: Yuri Andropov and Hercules

Andropov: You've looked over the mess,
And call it beyond your prowess?
Hercules: For sure. The Augean stables were an Attic hayride
Compared to your countrywide
Filth;
The ideological litter kilth—
To say nothing of the cesspools of cynicism, squalor of pessimism, pollution of privilege,
ordure of official lying, decay of wholesale kleptomania, gangrene of injustice,
necrosis of political punishment . . .
Andropov: A mere divertissement,
Surely, to you, Comrade Greek:
All you do is divert a creek
Or two, sweeping away the last
Vestiges of our pre-Bolshevik past.
Hercules: Divertissement, indeed! We are talking about a continent-sized sewer,
A pestilence straddling half the globe and affecting no fewer
Than several hundred million souls,
Or, to use your cant, proles.
Andropov: Your estimate of the problem is wrong;
In any case, I'll get you a horde of tireless Volga boatmen for a nice, big People's Singalong
To help you with your heroic rhythm—
And throw in a million or so Gulagitators to pull with 'em.
Hercules: Sorry. I gotta go.
Andropov: But what will I do, Comrade Hero?
Hercules: Surely a man of your demented talent can figure out a way.
Andropov: Give me a suggestion; I'll pay
You well.
Hercules: Divertissement, indeed! The smell
Of this stench
Fractures my French.
La trahison de Turc:
Get the Bulgarians to do your dirty work.

—JOHANNES EFF

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AIRWAVES, EAST & WEST

Russia's Radio Putsch

CHRISTOPHER PERZANOWSKI

IT BEGAN on a November night in 1929. Amidst the static of Europe's as yet uncrowded airwaves, a male voice announced: "*Hier spricht Moskau.*" The Soviet Union's international radio propaganda system was born with a whimper: an insignificant couple of hours a week of doctored news and excerpts from Stalin's speeches. Fifty-four years and billions of rubles later, it spews out 2,094 original program hours a week in 82 languages, at an annual cost estimated by the CIA at $700 million for Radio Moscow alone —the estimate does not include Radio Peace and Progress or the regional stations that also broadcast in foreign languages. And it continues to grow. According to the Office of Research of the U.S. Information Agency (USIA), in 1980 the Soviet Union increased its external radio broadcasting by 75 hours a week—the largest annual increase in more than ten years.

U.S.-Soviet Comparisons

Radio Moscow's World Service in English—modeled on the BBC—can be heard 24 hours a day on several short-wave frequencies around the globe. Its North American Service, delivered in folksy Americanese, uses a medium-wave transmitter in Cuba, as well as short-wave frequencies, placing it within reach of millions of AM receivers in the United States. In addition, the rest of the world's airwaves are saturated with Moscow's message in every language imaginable—from Mandarin and Cantonese, to Swahili, to Guaraní and Quechua, spoken by a handful of Indian tribes in Latin America.

How do we compare? With its total output of less than two thousand hours a week, in forty-odd languages, U.S. international broadcasting is nearly two hundred hours and forty tongues behind the Soviets. But this comparison does not tell the whole story. Over half of the American output is produced by Radio Liberty and Radio Free Europe, and is directed at the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, respectively. Of the remaining nine hundred hours, produced by the Voice of America, more than a quarter are also beamed to the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. The balance is spread—very thinly indeed—over the rest of the world.

The combined Soviet and Eastern European broadcasting to the Third World—a total of 2,359 hours at the time of the last report—breaks down as follows: Latin America, 793 program hours a week; North Africa and the Middle East, 957 hours; East Asia and the Pacific, 609 hours.

What is the thrust, the purpose, of this barrage of words? To present a glorified image of the Soviet Union? That is part of it, of course, but it plays second fiddle in this gigantic propaganda symphony.

The primary objective is aggressive: to produce psychological and political changes conducive to realizing Moscow's policy goals in the target country or area; it is also, and toward that same end, to induce and spread anti-American sentiments and prejudice. This "ideological impacting," as Soviet propagandists call it, is effected through the hammering of "cumulative messages" to the target areas. The messages vary according to the areas' political and cultural idiosyncrasies.

The "cumulative message" to Radio Moscow's American audience, for example, is that the weakening of this country's international position is part of an inevitable historical process that could be reversed only at enormous cost, and danger, to the American people. The "cumulative message" to Western Europe tries to convince Europeans that, like it or not, their continued prosperity and peace depend on accommodation with the Soviet Union rather than alliance with the United States —particularly in the matter of deployment of the Pershing II and cruise missiles.

"Cumulative messages" are a continuation of Goebbels's infamous propaganda methods, which were based on the assumption that the average human mind is essentially a *tabula rasa* on which even the wildest nonsense can be engraved by a skillful manipulation of basic emotions—love, hate, pleasure, fear. Soviet propagandists, to be sure, have vastly improved upon the Nazis' methods, especially in the areas of audience analysis, language, and logical structuring. They have become avid students of the theories and techniques of modern capitalistic advertising and the methodology of political campaigns in the Western democracies. The objective of Moscow, Inc., however, is to conquer nations rather than markets.

Anti-U.S. Bias

Soviet radio's contempt for the intelligence of its audiences is even more conspicuous in the style of agitation and propaganda it uses in the Third World, reflecting Moscow's belief that in these areas mass audiences are less informed, and less ideologically discerning, than in the industrialized world. Typically, while detente did bring some moderation to the language, if not the substance, of Soviet broadcasts to the West, programs to the Third World continue to spew out violent anti-Americanism, and to attack pro-Western governments and politicians. Radio Moscow's Latin American services, for instance, have organized "radio rallies for solidarity with the people of El Salvador," a series of fiery exhortations by people recruited from throughout the region, which, apart from the ritual curses on Yankee imperialism, call on the Salvadoran people to give the guerrillas their active support.

Since there are so many other variables—this is not, after all, a laboratory situation—it is very difficult to measure the effectiveness of Soviet propaganda. We might begin by studying the changes in world public opinion over decades, looking for cause-and-effect relationships between the propaganda's "cumulative messages" and opinion trends. If we heeded the results of such studies, some of the "inexplicable" phenomena that we tend to accept as helplessly as the weather might become understandable and preventable.

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The spread of virulent anti-Americanism, for instance. It cannot be explained in terms of envy alone. A trend of this magnitude and duration needs a continuous impulse to maintain its dynamism. An indication of the effectiveness of Soviet psycho-ideological warfare is the imbalance in the reaction of world opinion to superpower foreign policies. While anti-Americanism is a sustained, dynamic trend frequently flaring up in response to U.S. foreign-policy moves, anti-Sovietism is sporadic, flaring up only in the wake of open military aggression (Hungary 1956, Czechoslovakia 1968), and dissipating very quickly, often while the aggressive action continues (Afghanistan).

In Western Europe there have been few public protests against Soviet policy in Poland. Demonstrations against U.S. policies in Central America (although nobody knows for sure what they are) have been numerous, tumultuous, and widely reported. Another anomaly in international opinion patterns is the widespread tolerance for the Soviet Union's harsh internal reality—including the failure of its socio-economic system, and its abysmal human-rights record—while reactions toward the United States' domestic problems tend to be emotional and condemnatory.

The depth and scope of this anti-U.S. bias in the non-Communist world finds symbolic reflection in the words of West Germany's former Social Democratic Chancellor Helmut Schmidt in addressing a meeting of his own party: "You have to stop *letting yourselves be fooled into believing* the Americans are our enemies and the Russians our friends" (emphasis added).

The Russians, for their part, do not doubt the strategic, if not always immediate, effectiveness of their propaganda warfare, whether or not it is scientifically measurable. There has never been a cut in their external broadcasting budget, only increases; external propaganda warfare, in fact, enjoys the same priority as national defense.

For all the Soviet successes, our side has had one undeniable triumph. We are winning in the aggressor's own backyard: Eastern Europe. The almost total ineffectiveness of Soviet propaganda in its own camp is owing to the fact that the target audience is able to contrast ideological messages with the reality of Soviet-style rule—in the advertising expert's vernacular, to conduct a continuous "content analysis" of propaganda. It is also due, however, to what the London *Economist* once described as "perhaps the single most brilliant act of American foreign policy since World War II": the creation of Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty. In terms of cost-effectiveness, it has proven to be one of our best foreign-policy investments.

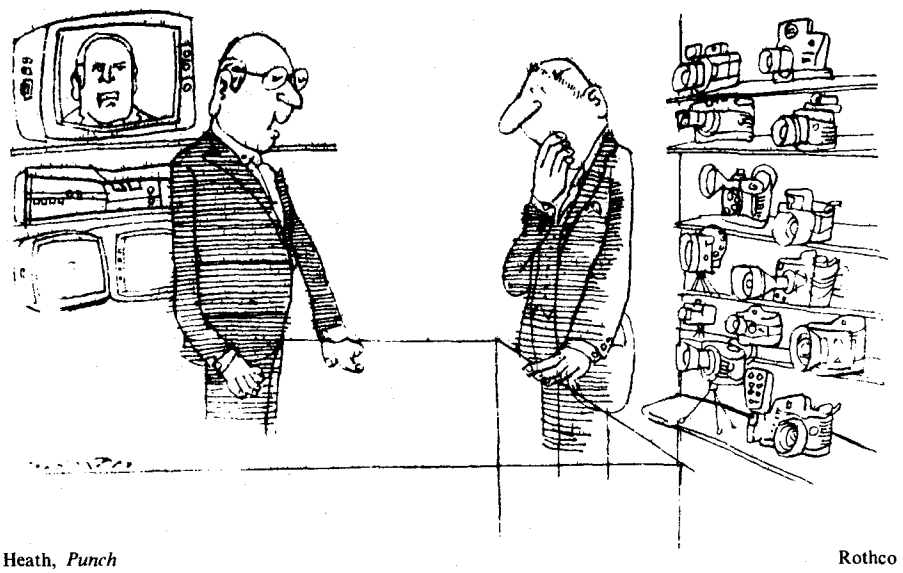
How did RFE/RL win the minds and hearts of its millions of listeners? First of all, notwithstanding the frequently heard lament that the United States, and the West in general, have no "ideology" to offer as an alternative to Communism, RFE/RL based its programming philosophy on the premise that the freedom of man, and other fundamental principles of democracy, constitute a sufficient "ideology" in themselves. Consequently, it offered audiences a broad diversity of views, and prompt, uncensored information, which stimulated the development of independent public opinion. Its bold coverage of Eastern Europe's internal affairs has been crucial in achieving a degree of audience identification without precedent in the postwar history of international broadcasting.

Let's Do It Right

The Voice of America seems to be most effective in its broadcasts to the Third World, even though it has much less air-time than Radio Moscow. According to a USIA report entitled "Soviet External Radio Broadcasting 1970 to 1978," the Voice has two to four times as many listeners in Latin America as Radio Moscow has. It also beats Radio Moscow in Africa and the Near East, excepting Morocco and Tunisia, where the two stations have roughly equal audiences, and Nigeria, where Radio Moscow has more listeners. However, Radio Moscow's listeners do outnumber the VOA's in India, Japan, and Pakistan. (The report does not reflect the audience impact of Radio Moscow's World Service, which went on the air late in 1978.)

Indeed, the effectiveness of our international broadcasting is amazing, considering the way its finances have been neglected over the past decade, and the detente-inspired political pressures and manipulations it has been subjected to. Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty was on the brink of liquidation at the height of the detente euphoria, and it continues to suffer from under-financing and the resulting shortages of equipment and qualified personnel. Some of its vital services—such as research, which has provided valuable information to the scientific and journalistic communities—have been drastically reduced. The lingering uncertainty about the future of the stations tends to discourage sorely needed new talent from signing on.

It is time to think through the problems and opportunities of the ideological war the Russians are waging against us. Since we have no choice but to wage it in turn, why not do it right? We have a vital and highly effective strategic instrument in place. Let's use it to capacity. □



Heath, *Punch* Rothco

"It's the latest video cassette recorder from Japan—all you do is add water."

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Black, Blue, Red, Green

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

On March 6, West Germany held one of the most colorful —and most crucial—elections in the history of postwar Europe. Since 1945, the leading colors in Germany have been Black (symbolic of the Christian Democratic Union) and Red (symbolic of the Social Democratic Party). In the aftermath of World War II, Black, on the strength of Konrad Adenauer's popularity, was the predominant color. In recent years Red predominated, on the strength of Helmut Schmidt's popularity. This year, there were also the Blues —the Free Democratic Party—and the Greens.

At issue was whether the German electorate would ratify what took place in the Bundestag last fall when the Free Democrats left the Schmidt government to align themselves with the CDU under Helmut Kohl. When the returns were in, the voters had indeed confirmed the Black-Blue alliance by an overwhelming margin. Kohl's CDU got 48.8 per cent of the vote, compared to 38.2 per cent for the SPD, its worst showing in 22 years.

5 Per Cent

Though the Kohl victory was expected, election night was fraught with tension. To prevent fragmentation, the German constitution states that no party can be represented in the Bundestag unless it gets at least 5 per cent of the popular vote. The big question was: Would either the FDP, now allied with the CDU, or the Greens—or both —clear the 5 per cent hurdle? They both did—the FDP easily, with 6.9 per cent of the vote; the Greens barely, with 5.6 per cent. (Meanwhile the CDU's Bavarian sister party—the Christian Social Union, led by Franz Josef Strauss—got 61 per cent of the vote in its own region.)

It is safe to say that the Greens took votes from both the FDP and the SPD. Before the election, Hans-Jochen Vogel, SPD candidate for chancellor, had announced that, if necessary, he would form a government "with the aid" of the Greens. Given the Greens' distaste for parliamentary democracy, Vogel's statement undoubtedly frightened many Germans, who are convinced that some of the Greens are reds (as in Moscow, not as in the SPD) and that none of them are capable of assuming governmental responsibilities. As the campaign progressed, Vogel moved further and further to the left, toward the Greens. He journeyed to Moscow and returned dropping hints of a deal with Yuri Andropov on Soviet missiles in Eastern Europe. He also began referring to Kohl as *Raketenkanzler*—the rocket chancellor—to link Kohl with the new Pershing II and cruise missiles scheduled for NATO deployment in December.

It is apparent now that Vogel overestimated the appeal of the Greens. Since October, they have been eliminated from state legislatures in Bavaria and Rhineland-Palatinate, and, one week after the national elections, they were excluded from the state legislature in Schleswig-Holstein, where they got just 3.6 per cent of the vote. The Greens won 27 seats in the national election, but already their oldest official, Werner Vogel, has had to resign his seat, after it was revealed that he had been a Nazi. Meanwhile the CDU took votes from the SPD in the industrial Ruhr, Wupper, and Saar valleys. The SPD blames this on the business community's insistence that only a CDU victory could create the optimistic atmosphere necessary to rescue the economy and cut Germany's 10 per cent unemployment rate.

Now that the elections are over, the major problem facing the Black-Blue coalition is Germany's sagging economy. The Kohl government plans a two-pronged attack that will 1) reduce the governmental burden on the economy by cutting social spending and 2) expand the economy by creating incentives for business to invest.

The next major problem is how to deal with the four million guest workers living in Germany. They were needed during the boom days, but now they present formidable economic and social problems. By common consent, everyone avoided the issue of the foreign workers during the election—but Chancellor Kohl will not be able to avoid it now. The third problem is the one that got all the attention abroad—the planned deployment of the Pershing II and cruise missiles, which presents many difficulties that both the SPD and the Greens are sure to capitalize on, to say nothing of the Soviet Union. Kohl's government will be far more pro-American than a Vogel government would have been, but Kohl has already, since the election, repeated the campaign theme that, desirable as Reagan's zero option is, he would settle for an interim solution short of that.

No Secrets?

It will be interesting to see how the Greens behave now that they are represented in the Bundestag. Mr. Otto Schily, a prominent Green (he is also a lawyer who defended the Baader-Meinhof gang in court), has promised that, thanks to his party, "democracy will again become indiscreet." It is the fear that Schily meant what he said that prompted Bundestag President Richard Stücklen to warn the Greens that they won't get access to military secrets unless they promise to treat confidential matters confidentially.

Most interesting of all, of course, will be how the Kohl coalition behaves. Though it describes itself as "a government of the center," all the component parts of the coalition are actually right of center. However, because the extremely leftist National Socialists sat at the extreme right in the old Reichstag, the term Right has become a bad word, the man in the street having been led to believe that the Nazis were "superconservatives."

For the sake of Germany and the entire Western Alliance, it is devoutly to be hoped that Kohl's Black-Blue coalition of "rightist centrists" will be able to make Germany into a real bulwark, culturally and spiritually as well as militarily, against the monochromatic enemy to the East. □

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He Never Killed a Fly

After Long Silence
By Michael Straight
Norton, 351 pp., $17.50

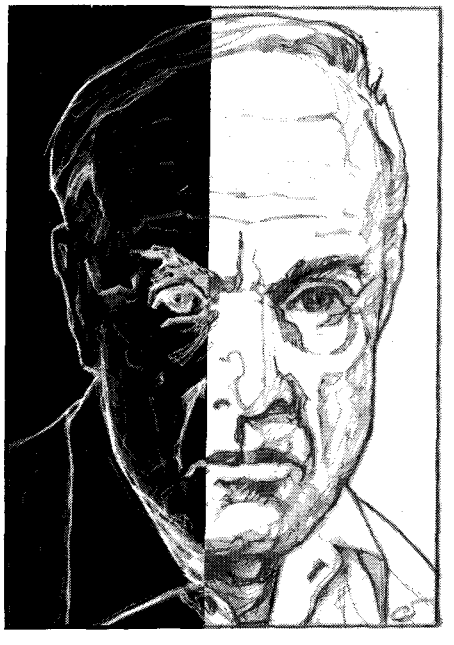
JOHN P. ROCHE

There is an eerie quality about Michael Straight's attempt at auto-absolution. The core problem is that, however he may detest the word, and mutter legal fulminations at those who employ it, Michael Straight did, as an undergraduate at Trinity College, Cambridge, sign up as an NKVD agent or spy. He was originally assigned to return to the United States and enter the world of high finance. He balked and persuaded his "control," Guy Burgess, to give him a longer leash. Burgess managed this and saw him off with the appropriate ritual: a piece of paper was torn in half, and his American control would identify himself by presenting Straight with the missing piece.

The gist of Straight's defense is that he was an insincere, half-hearted *apparatchik*, which is reminiscent of the woman defending the birth of an illegitimate child on the ground that it was *very* small. He duly met his control and, inwardly depressed about the relationship, gave him trivial material from the public record. But the basic fact is clear: he may have wrestled with his conscience, but it lost. However, by 1940 he was definitely out of the NKVD orbit, vigorously supporting American involvement in the European war. After the war, when I knew him in the American Veterans Committee (AVC), he was clearly an anti-Communist, though temperamentally a non-confrontational one.

Which brings us to other aspects of the book: Straight's overt and unconscious revelations of his own character. In connection with the fight to save the AVC, he says, "At a deeper level . . . I could not share the basic attitude of the old street fighters who, on David Dubinsky's orders, saved the AVC. For them, the young veterans who belonged to the Communist Party were Stalinists. They were the enemy, and the enemy had to be crushed. For me, they were individuals, like myself. They were committed to a movement to which I had been committed. . . . If I sought redemption, I could not deny it to them."

This is egregious categorical confusion. The AVC was not a church, and we "old street fighters" were not concerned with the immortal souls of the Stalinists, but with their ability to control the organization. After we clobbered them in Cleveland in 1948, we did not stand in the way of their redemption. Indeed, by bizarre coincidence Straight on the following page recalls the sad state of John Gates, editor of the *Daily Worker*, who left the Party and "lives somewhere in obscurity." Actually, after Gates quit the CP it was David Dubinsky who gave him a clerical job in the ILGWU's legal department. Perhaps redemption is more a function of works than of rhetoric? If Straight provided jobs to any ex-Stalinists, he does not mention it, although he may have lit tapers for their souls.



As background we get, in snippets, the autobiography of Michael Straight. For starters, he was rich and *déraciné*, growing up an expatriate in a British upper-class milieu. To this cosmopolitan experience he attributes his later susceptibility to the wiles of Burgess, Blunt, and the other Apostles at Cambridge. In an existential sense, he was a man without a country; and the prevalent myth of Soviet virtue, plus the commitment, unto death, of some of his friends in the Spanish Civil War, set him up for the recruiter.

Much of what he says about Cambridge and the web of strange relationships that developed there helps explain, though not justify, the strength of E. M. Forster's view that if he had to choose between betraying his country and betraying a friend, he hoped he would betray his country. It certainly helps us realize why, despite his break with their politics, Straight waited until 1963 to go to the FBI and "rumble" the Trinity College NKVD cell.

Donald Hall *is a poet and critic residing in New Hampshire. His most recent books are* Kicking the Leaves *and* The Oxford Book of American Literary Anecdotes. . . . **John P. Roche**, *a frequent contributor to* NR *and former aide to President Johnson, is at the Fletcher School, Tufts University. . . .* **Selden Rodman** *is the author of* A Short History of Mexico, *to be published this spring. . . .* **Francis Russell**, *the critic, biographer, and historian, lives in Sandwich, Mass.*

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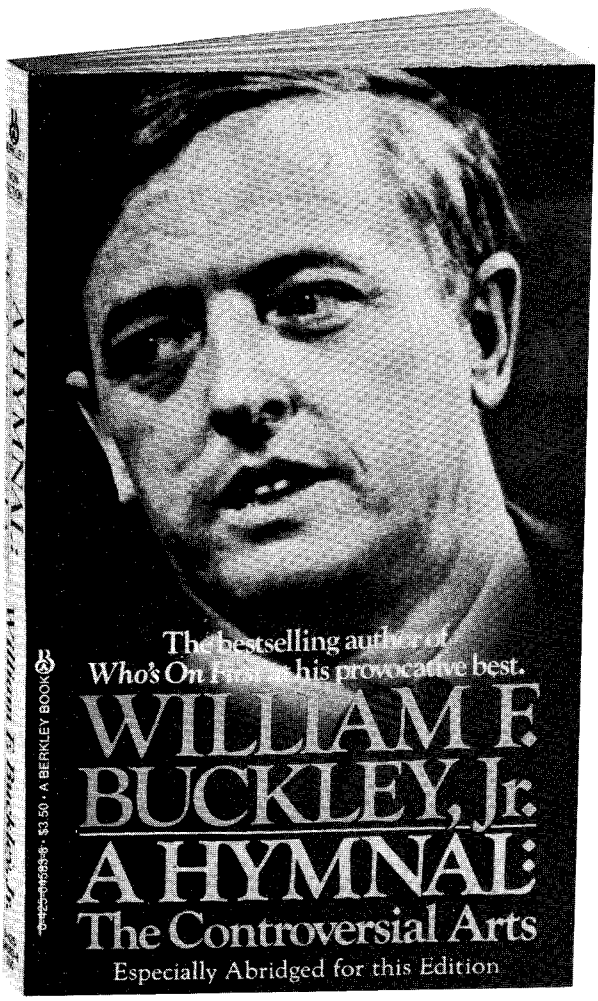

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RANDOM NOTES

■ More April Titles: In *Thinking about National Security: Defense and Foreign Policy in a Dangerous World* (Westview, $17.95), Harold Brown, Secretary of Defense in the Carter Administration, discusses deterrence, "overkill," Dense Pack, and the problem of foreign energy supplies.

The Gentle Dynamiter: A Biography of Tom Mooney (Ramparts, $15; paper, $6.95), by Estolv Ethan Ward, is the story of the labor agitator who was convicted, on perjured testimony, of bombing a Preparedness Day parade in San Francisco in 1916, and imprisoned for 22 years, until his pardon in 1939.

Maurice Cranston's latest book is *Jean-Jacques: The Early Life and Works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau: 1712-1754* (Norton, $22.45)—a solid, no-nonsense biography. . . . Marie-Françoise Allain's *The Other Man: Conversations with Graham Greene* (Simon & Schuster, $13.95) ranges widely over all sorts of topics; but, says Greene, "I don't know myself and I don't want to." Translated by Guido Waldman.

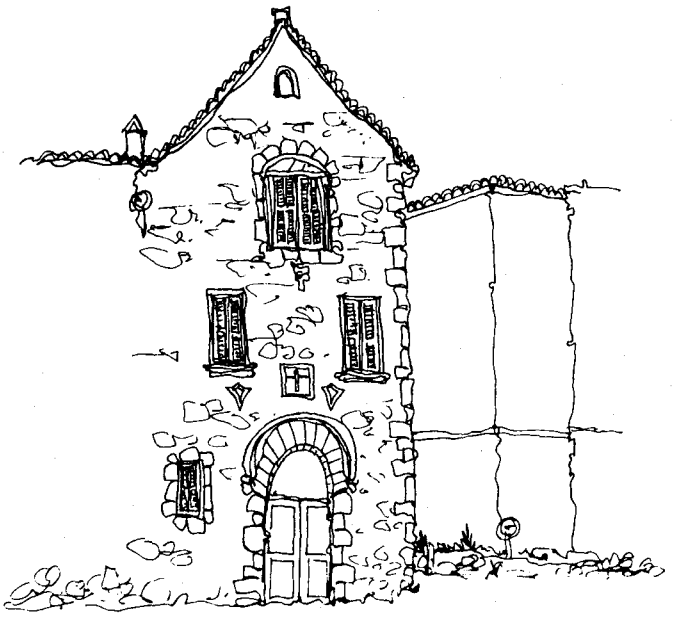
A Colder Eye: The Modern Irish Writers (Knopf, $16.50), by Hugh Kenner, is a fascinating study of the efflorescence of Irish literature in the early part of the twentieth century. . . . Ben Wesson, who met William Faulkner in 1918 at the University of Mississippi and later helped edit the manuscript of *Sartoris* and to place that of *The Sound and the Fury*, offers an anecdotal portrait of the author and the man in *Count No'Count: Flashbacks to Faulkner* (University Press of Mississippi, $14.95).

Norman Mailer's new novel is an odd creation, set in the XIXth and XXth Egyptian dynasties, called *Ancient Evenings* (Little, Brown, $19.95). . . . *Chekhov: The Early Stories 1883-1888* (Macmillan, $13.95), chosen and translated by Patrick Miles and Harvey Pitcher, is an attempt at offering "a larger and more representative selection of Chekhov's early stories than has ever been available in one volume before." —CW

I confess that throughout this volume there is a strain of sanctimonious self-pity that gets on my nerves. Take Straight's upbringing, his lack of roots: do you have to be of the *jeunesse dorée* to be rootless? Moreover, why feel guilty about being rich? Thirty years ago I had a colleague who inherited a mine; he was, as they say, "into guilt," and did he flagellate! Finally I made him an offer: "Give me your money and I'll give you a letter of recommendation to a mendicant order." He still has his mine, and his guilt has aged well. Surely Straight has done good deeds with his fortune; but have his contributions, by coincidence, been tax-exempt?

In the course of *After Long Silence* we learn perhaps more than we want to know about Michael Straight, but this appears to arise from the schizophrenic thrust of the work: on the one hand, Straight was never, deep in his heart, an NKVD agent and never delivered the goods to his control, "Michael Green"; on the other, he was a very important figure in the American liberal community, a devoted father, and a man of compelling conscience. There is a slight problem, to employ the current buzzword, in "interfacing" these two propositions. To fulfill the premise of the latter, it would have been necessary for Straight to have blown the whistle on his former NKVD associates.

He *almost* did this several times, even going to lunch with his cousin Tracy Barnes, who was Deputy Director of Operations at the CIA, and inviting questions about his Cambridge past, but Barnes declined the bait. As Straight put it in a newspaper interview, "I needed one beckoning word or gesture to lead me [to talk]. Without it, I lacked the resolution to carry out my impulse." It took the threat of a full FBI security check for a position in the Kennedy Administration to bring him to Arthur Schlesinger Jr., and thence to the FBI and MI-5 (British counter-intelligence).



Turning from the book, let us explore the *res*: the crucial issue underlying Straight's behavior. In his furious reply to a column by Bill Safire, Straight observed that Guy Burgess, his original recruiter, was a small-time bum whom nobody ever took seriously. (My words, not his.) This was anything but true, and Straight's failure to turn him in was disastrous. True, by 1951 Burgess had been tagged: James Jesus Angleton of the CIA's counter-intelligence had "turned" "Basil" (the "Fifth Man") in 1948 and had Philby, Burgess, and Maclean on his radar. (For reasons too complex to explore here, "Mother" did not confide in the FBI or the British.)

But, accidentally, Straight gives away an encounter with Burgess far more significant than the 1951 meeting he emphasizes. It was in 1947, when Straight was accompanying his quondam hero Henry Wallace on a tour of Western Europe. They were in London when suddenly Guy Burgess popped into the hotel to meet Wallace. Straight took him off to the Savoy bar, discovered he was working for Hector McNeil, a deputy minister at the Foreign Office, and in the course of conversation learned from Burgess that the British Communist leader Harry Pollitt had a mistress who worked for MI-5. In short, Burgess was working in the bowels of the Foreign Office—he had in fact weaseled his way into a position of trust with the undertalented McNeil—and he was also in a position to evaluate the MI-5 "take" on suspicious characters and pass it on to his NKVD (by now MVD) control. He was plugged into all the circuits. Had Straight dropped in on Dick White or William Skardon of MI-5 for a little chat in 1947, a number of people who died over the course of the next decade might still be alive. But Burgess was a friend—and he had promised to stop spying, even giving his word of honor.

In *Arrival and Departure* Koestler has a dream scene reminiscent of Kafka in which a man is tried by a judge, jury, and prosecutor all in

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his own image. His defense attorney says, "But Your Honor, my client never killed a fly." "Yes," the prosecutor replies, "and the flies he didn't kill brought pestilence to a province." Leaving Philby and Maclean—with whom Straight had no contact—aside, had he opened the closet on Burgess, the trail to the others would have been clear. And who knows what damage Lee Long, deputy intelligence commander at the Allied Control Commission in Germany until 1951—and not blown until Straight talked in 1963—did to our intelligence work in that significant era? The tone of Straight's book seems to presume absolution, but the best I can say—not being charged with the care of souls—is that in the Koestlerian sense "he never killed a fly." □

The Years of Lyndon Johnson: The Path to Power
By Robert A. Caro
Knopf, 882 pp., $19.95

JOHNSON IS AS JOHNSON DOES

FRANCIS RUSSELL

Rastignac went a few paces farther to the highest point of the cemetery [Père-Lachaise] and looked out over Paris and the windings of the Seine. The lamps were beginning to shine on either side of the river. His eyes turned almost eagerly to the space between the column of the Place Vendôme and the cupola of the Invalides. There lay the shining world he wished to reach. He glanced over the humming hive, seeming to draw a foretaste of its honey, and said magniloquently: "Now, between us!"
—*Balzac,* Le Père Goriot

In every society they occur, these Rastignacs, relentlessly purposive, frenetic workers, single-minded in their will to power. They build nothing, they produce nothing, they believe in nothing but themselves. And in any society they succeed. In Soviet Russia they become commissars. In National Socialist Germany they were Gauleiters. In the capitalist West they are the skilled manipulators, their sensitive nostrils alert to the honey of other men's extraction. They are the Ivar Kreugers, the Samuel Insulls. In politics they are the Platts and the Boss Crokers, indifferent to party so long as it suits their needs. Such a man was Joe Kennedy, combining business with treasure, plundering the hive for his future dynasty. Such was Lyndon Johnson, the poor boy who would become the richest of our Presidents.

KENNEDY AND Johnson—the two names are congruent. I think of young Joe crossing on the penny ferry from East Boston each morning on his way to the Public Latin School, seeing the wharves and the market district and, rising up beyond them, the prim, brick outline of Beacon Hill topped by its domed State House, that aloof, elusive world, the humming hive whose honey he was determined to taste. And then young Lyndon Johnson from the poverty-stricken Texas Hill Country, the gawky pallid freshman standing on the campus of Southwest Texas State Teachers College, looking out to where the Texas hills ended on the horizon. Beyond them lay the shining honey-rich world that he, even then relentless of will, was determined to get at. Balzac would have understood.

How does a Rastignac from Texas get his start? Robert Caro's *The Path to Power*—the first of his projected three-volume *Years of Lyndon Johnson*—reveals it in devastating detail. Not only is the book an engrossing biographical introduction to our most devious of Presidents, but it is also a brilliant sociological study of Texas and of American politics. Caro took seven years to write this book of almost nine hundred pages. Yet for all its length there is not a superfluous page in it. It is an astonishing achievement, a permanent part of the history of our times. It reveals for the first time certain long-concealed truths about Johnson, truths that even in his college days he did his best to hide or suppress.

> Enlisting all his energy and all his cunning in a lifelong attempt to obscure not only the true facts of his rise to power and his use of power but even of his youth, he succeeded well. He told stories readily and repeatedly . . . about a hundred aspects of his youth. And not merely many but most of these stories were false. . . .
>
> While still an undergraduate at Southwest State Teachers College, in San Marcos, he arranged to have excised (literally cut out) from hundreds of copies of the college yearbook certain pages that gave clues to his years there. Issues of the college newspaper that chronicle certain crucial episodes in his college career are missing from the college library.

Rastignac-Johnson's hunger was

> for power in its most naked form, for power not to improve the lives of others but to manipulate and dominate them, to bend them to his will. . . . This hunger was a constant throughout his life . . . a hunger so fierce and consuming that no considerations of morality or ethics, no cost to himself—or to anyone else—could stand before it.

In later years Johnson liked to portray himself as a popular student leader on that small campus. Actually he was thoroughly and generally disliked. In a college where three out of four students were female, he found very few girls who would have anything to do with him. Neither an athlete nor a scholar, reluctant—as he would be all his life—to read books, he did have an uncanny skill as a manipulator. In particular he played up to the college president, flattering, fawning, insinuating himself, becoming the president's errand boy, making himself indispensable to both president and dean. A student leader described Johnson later with crude bluntness: "Words won't describe how Lyndon acted toward the faculty—how kow-towing he was, how suck-assing, how brown-nosing he was." Obsequious to those above him, he was meanly overbearing to those below. The president made him his secretary, and from that vantage point he became the dispenser of campus jobs. Worming his way upward, he grew in power, gathering followers in need of that power. As another student observed: "Lyndon was always a string-puller behind the scenes. He found those he could use and used them, and those he couldn't, he worked behind the scenes to put down. He had power, he was secretary to the president. If there was anything to give away, he would know. It paid to know him."

The pattern of Johnson's life was fixed in the seedy little teachers' college, a pattern that would merely be amplified as he moved on and up from Texas to Washington, from an obscure congressional secretaryship to Congress itself, then to the Senate, and, with a deft manipulation of fortune's wheel, to the very apex of power. Making himself politically useful and ingratiating himself with Congressman Richard M. Kleberg, a lackadaisical Texas playboy, wangling an appointment as Kleberg's secretary, Johnson arrived in

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Washington on a cold December day in 1931 with his few belongings packed in a cardboard suitcase. But the capital, he knew with Rastignacian awareness, was for him the honeyed hive.

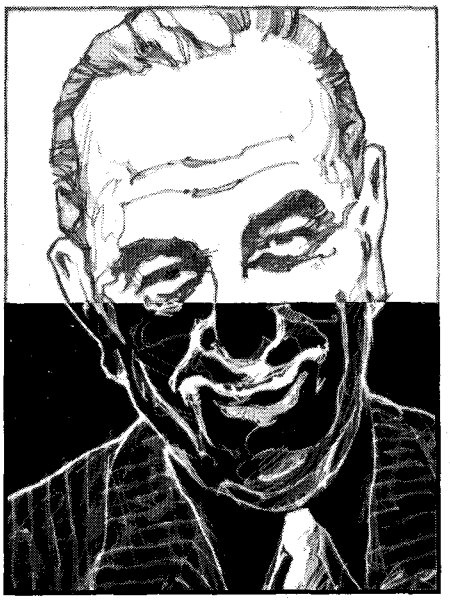
Johnson moved in on the indolent Kleberg as he had moved in on Southwest Texas State's president. He made himself indispensable. Until he took charge, Kleberg's office was run with haphazard nonchalance. The congressman, immersed in Washington society, was seldom seen there. Requests were overlooked or disregarded, letters went unanswered. The new secretary found several sacks of unopened mail. With brutal efficiency he reorganized the office. Back mail was sorted out and all letters from then on were answered by the following day. All requests were heeded, no matter how trivial. Johnson established a grueling routine. He drove himself and he drove his two assistants, dominating them, working them and himself from before dawn to late at night. Not only did he bear down, but he went out of his way to humiliate them, even forcing them to take dictation from him while he was sitting on the toilet. With the coming of the New Deal he learned the ins and outs of the expanding government agencies. Word got round that if one wanted anything from Congressman Kleberg's office, any help in threading one's way through the bureaucracy, Johnson was the one to contact. Calculatingly he expanded his field of acquaintances, glad-handing where it would do the most good, continuing from college days his old persuasive gesture of seizing a man's lapel as he stared into his face. In whatever group he found himself, he seemed to agree. A lobbyist described him in the mid-Thirties as personifying the New Deal. "He looked the part. He was young, dynamic, outgoing—the new wave of the future." Yet posing as a New Dealer, he never believed in it. A fellow secretary wrote that "Lyndon Johnson believed in *nothing*, nothing but his own ambition. Everything he did—*everything*—was for his ambition."

From his college days Johnson had determined to marry into money, and after several rebuffs he did just that, marrying Claudia "Lady Bird" Taylor, the daughter of the richest landowner in Harrison County. Lady Bird, an earnest, rather plain young woman, was superior to her husband in all ways but cunning. Courting her impetuously, after marriage he disregarded her. She must have lived a barren life with him. He insisted that she bring him coffee in bed, lay out his clothes, shine his shoes. In Washington she could not even get him to take her to the theater. Blatantly unfaithful, he put her on the level of a superior housekeeper.

As he had early demonstrated, Johnson had a talent for getting on the right side of older men. He was not long in Washington before he managed to ingratiate himself with his fellow Texan, the crusty Speaker of the House, Sam Rayburn. Johnson came to be a sort of ersatz son to Rayburn, who took to spending many of his lonely Sundays with Lyndon and the gracious Lady Bird at their small apartment. Roosevelt's Tommy the Cork Corcoran, no mean sycophant himself, later observed that "Lyndon had one of the most incredible capacities for dealing with older men. I never saw anything like it."

It was through Rayburn's intercession that Johnson was appointed Texas director of the National Youth Administration, the youngest of the 48 directors. He proved one of the most zealously efficient as well. Through the NYA he formed a staff that would also serve as the basis for a political machine. For a year and a half he drove himself and his staff, organizing the NYA as he had once organized Kleberg's office. Austen, where he now lived, was in the 10th Congressional District of Texas. The death of the district's congressman, Buck Buchanan, was the Balzacian stroke he had been waiting for. "This," he later recalled, "was my chance."

Though he was a relative stranger to the public and the political leaders of the 10th District, he had the powerful backing of the lawyer-politician Alvin Wirtz, whom Johnson, while Kleberg's secretary, had taken pains to oblige. Wirtz had developed the avuncular affection for him that Johnson had the gift for arousing. And Johnson had beyond all else an instinct for the political jugular. Since he was not known in the district, he campaigned under the magical Roosevelt banner. To win, he knew he must get to the back-country voters. And get to them he did. The primitives of the remote forks and creeks and farms—most of whom had never before seen a candidate—saw him. "I *know* what you people are up against," he told them. "Because I'm one of you people." "No fundamentalist preacher," Caro writes, "thundering of fire and brimstone in one of the famous Hill Country revival meetings, had called the people of the Hill Country to the banner of Jesus Christ more fervently than Johnson called them to the banner of Franklin Delano Roosevelt."



It was a banner he held inwardly in contempt. But he knew its potency. His whirlwind campaign dwarfed that of the other candidates. So did his expenditures, thanks to the Wirtz connection. On election day his vote total was double that of his nearest opponent. In just two years he was coming back to Washington, as he had promised, a congressman.

Once a Texas district sent a man to Congress, it kept on sending him, and Johnson never neglected his power base. Through the various New Deal programs he saw to it that District 10 received more projects, more money than almost any other. The Hill Country was dotted with new public works. To his district he was a hero. As a legislator he was negligible. In his first two terms in Congress he never made a speech. His first effort was merely for the extension of the Selective Service Act. During 11 congressional years he delivered exactly ten speeches, none of any consequence. He took no part in debates, avoided controversies. Yet in that time he became one of the most powerful men in Congress.

Using the same techniques that he had developed long before at Southwest Texas State Teachers College, he made himself a familiar of the White House. More and more, Roosevelt came to regard him as his man in Texas, to the eclipse of Rayburn in his home state.

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To Johnson friendship was in any case merely a means. His national means came after Roosevelt assigned him to assist the Congressional Campaign Committee in the 1940 elections.

Congressional candidates were at that time expected to pay their own way. The moribund committee contributed at most $250 to a campaign. Johnson changed all that. He saw the power accruing to him in controlling a committee that would become the center for financing congressional races. All that was needed was money, and Johnson had developed his sources in the new industrial order of the Southwest—the independent oilmen, the large-scale contractors and dam-builders, men who knew what they wanted from the government and were ready to make what they considered an investment. The money was siphoned to Johnson. Congressmen in need turned to him, and those who had any hope of winning received help, ample help. In that year's election more than forty Democratic congressmen felt they owed their success to Johnson. The 10th District congressman was now a power behind the scenes, a man to court, a figure to be respected, to be feared. As Caro noted, by 1941

> a young man—desperately poor, possessed of an education mediocre at best, from one of the most isolated areas of the United States—has attained the national power he craved. He has won not only a seat in Congress but influence that reaches far beyond his district's borders. . . . In attaining this influence, he has displayed a genius for discerning the path to power, an utter ruthlessness in destroying obstacles in that path, and a seemingly bottomless capacity for deceit, deception, and betrayal in moving along it. In every election in which he ran—not only in college, but thereafter—he displayed a willingness to do whatever was necessary to win: a willingness so complete that even in the generous terms of political morality, it amounted to amorality.

Only one episode in his career ran counter to Johnson's ambition, and that was his affair with Alice Glass, the glamorous, sophisticated mistress of Charles Marsh, a Texan of great wealth, owner of oil wells and a chain of newspapers. Johnson met him in his first congressional term and outdid himself in playing up to this powerful man. Never had Johnson been more "humble." Hovering about him, solicitous of his opinions, Johnson was, according to Marsh's secretary, "very deferential. Very, *very* deferential. I saw a young man who wanted to be on good terms with an older man and was absolutely *determined* to be on good terms with him."

Intrigued by politics, avid for flattery, Marsh took to Johnson, and first put him on the road to personal wealth. He invited Johnson to Longlea, the thousand-acre Virginia estate with its English-style manor house that he had built for Alice. Johnson became a regular visitor, first with his wife, then without her. Often he stayed there when Marsh was in Texas. A drama after Balzac. Johnson and Alice became lovers. She tried to teach him manners; not to comb his hair in public, to stop gulping food in heaped forkfuls. She even had him listen to her reading from her favorite poet, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and it is a measure of his affection that he listened. Johnson was playing a dangerous game, for Marsh was powerful enough to ruin him. But he suspected nothing. Others knew. One observer, a Dickens reader, watching Johnson fawn over the man whose mistress he was sharing, thought of *David Copperfield*. "Every time I looked at Lyndon," she told Caro, "I saw a Uriah Heep from Texas."

JOHNSON NOW had his eye on a seat in the Senate, waiting for fortune's wheel to spin while at the same time ready to tamper with the mechanism. The sudden death of Texas's senior senator, Morris Sheppard, seemed his second great political opportunity. Again he was a candidate. In this special election he had both money and the backing of Roosevelt. But running under the banner of "Franklin D. and Lyndon B." he made the error of being over-confident. His opponent, Pass the Biscuits Pappy O'Daniel, an egregious governor in the tradition of Me for Ma Ferguson, had a strong appeal for fundamentalist country folk. Both Pappy and Lyndon put on vaudeville shows; both, in the good old Texas tradition, bought up the transient Mexican vote. But Pappy's legates continued to purchase the delayed rural vote from county judges after the assured Johnson had already sent in his returns. The oversight was fatal. Pappy was a rabid prohibitionist, and the liquor interests, wanting him out of the state, bought the votes to get him out. It was a lesson Johnson never forgot, that he remembered especially well in 1960 when he made certain of enough bought votes to give Texas to Kennedy and Johnson. An honest count would have given Texas and the election to Nixon, and the history of this country and of Nixon himself would have been very different—to say nothing of Johnson's.

The Path to Power ends with Roosevelt's death. Caro's next two volumes will deal with the dozen ways Johnson found to become the richest of our Presidents. "Of this," Caro says, "there was virtually no public awareness, and Lyndon Johnson lived out his life, and died, with the American people still ignorant not only of the dimensions of his greed but of its intensity." □

FDR: An Intimate History
By Nathan Miller
Doubleday, 563 pp., $22.50

A DIME A DOZEN

FORREST McDONALD

It is time that conservatives set themselves straight in the matter of Franklin Roosevelt, and Nathan Miller's new biography—the first one-volume version with serious pretensions to scholarship—is not a bad place to start. To be sure, the reader must supply his own history to supplement the biographical data, for Miller's understanding of what was going on between the 1890s and 1945 is almost as shallow as Roosevelt's was. But he has conscientiously done his work in the primary sources and the scholarly tomes, has sifted carefully through the lies and false memories of the "Roosevelt and Me" literature, has weighed the pros and cons of the charges leveled by Roosevelt's critics, and has written his book in neutral reportorial prose with admiration tempered by critical spirit.

The Roosevelt who emerges in these pages is neither an ideologue nor a conservative, neither a liberal nor yet even a pragmatist. For these reasons and because the man often vacillated and took contradictory stands, Miller concludes that Roosevelt "remains, as Winston Churchill said of the Soviet Union, a riddle wrapped in an enigma," a deep, complex, subtle, and "prismatic" figure.

Stuff and nonsense. Miller, like most Roosevelt scholars and like most of Roosevelt's contemporaries—those who idolized him as well as those who regarded him as evil incarnate—sees si-

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multaneously both more and less than was there. Roosevelt could be candid and devious, affable and cold, softhearted and ruthless; he was charming, persuasive, charismatic; he could instill hopes and dreams and determination in the multitudes, and manipulate congressmen and administrators like so many puppets. But these are not the marks of an unfathomably deep man, they are the measures of that quintessential hollow man, the politician.

Roosevelt had a large capacity for getting things done, but he had almost no capacity for thinking of reasonable things to do. Nor—and this is the truly revealing thing—was he especially interested in doing so. He loved to pick people's brains and then to give them the go-ahead to proceed with their schemes; but when the scheme proved illusory, as they did with monotonous regularity, he neither abandoned the program nor fired the originator, but took up the next policy bauble that amused him. Nothing other than the game itself amused him very long. And like most people whose lives are engrossed in the political game, he confused it with reality, becoming incapable of recognizing that there was another reality out there. He epitomized himself, inadvertently, in a cable he sent to Churchill amidst the horrors of World War II: "It is fun to be in the same decade with you." The word for such a man is irresponsible.

No; make that criminally irresponsible, or perhaps monstrously irresponsible. Let me offer three instances. In 1933 Roosevelt gave his approval to Henry Wallace's harebrained plan to help the farmers by paying them not to raise crops. On paper the plan looked just swell. In the real world it failed to take into account that there were nearly two million impoverished tenant farmers in the cotton-growing South; their landowners, paid more by the AAA for not growing cotton than the tenants could pay them for the privilege of growing the crop, unceremoniously kicked sharecroppers off the land, and thousands became homeless, penniless wretches.

Then there is the matter of Roosevelt's action, or rather inaction, in regard to Hitler and the Final Solution. That Roosevelt knew of the gas ovens, possibly as early as the fall of 1942 and surely by the end of 1943, is now clear. That practical plans were presented to him for saving several millions of lives by bombing the death camps and the railroads leading to the concentration camps is also now clear. That he was philo-Semitic in his personal relationships was evident all along. But he was having such a good time playing Commander-in-Chief that he turned the Jewish Problem over to an assistant secretary of state; and so the murder of the Jews continued.

And third, there was a little episode that has never found its way into the history books. Samuel Insull Jr., who along with his utility-magnate father had been prosecuted and persecuted by Roosevelt early in the New Deal, was serving in Naval Intelligence on the eve of the invasion of Italy. He happened to know in intimate detail the Italian electrical system, on which the transportation system was based, and he offered a plan whereby with a handful of bombing raids Italy could have been paralyzed and taken before German reinforcements could arrive. Roosevelt snorted that he could win the war without the help of anybody named Insull. Only after it was all over, and the blood and lives of tens of thousands of Americans had been expended, did Army Intelligence learn what Naval Intelligence had known all along.

A politician, Roosevelt was: just a politician. In his day, he was something spectacular. In our own enlightened times, of course, people like that are a dime a dozen. □

The Gift
By Lewis Hyde
Random House, 327 pp., $17.95;
Vintage Paperback, $7.95

HOW TO LIVE

DONALD HALL

Lewis Hyde's *The Gift* carries the subtitle: "Imagination and the Erotic Life of Property." He must have struggled for a phrase to describe this book's range; reporting on *The Gift* is like trying to paraphrase the seasons.

The book began when the author reflected on the rewards of his profession as poet, translator, and essayist. His translation of poems by Vicente Aleixandre, the Spanish Nobel Prize-winner, appeared in 1979; he is the author of a famous essay called "Alcohol and Poetry: John Berryman and the Booze Talking," which derived from years when Hyde supported himself by working at a hospital for alcoholics. This job paid better than poetry paid—or translation, or essay-writing.

"Inevitably," as he writes in his introduction, "the money question comes up; labors such as mine are notoriously nonremunerative, and the landlord is not interested in your book of translations the day the rent falls due." Hyde wastes no time complaining about the landlord, but pursues the notion of art as gift: a gifted person is the lucky possessor of talent; what the artist makes with that talent, he largely gives away.

RUMINATIONS on the artist and the gift led Hyde to look into anthropological writing on the gift exchange. Reading widely, he reports, gathers, and speculates. When he intuits connections, he tells you what he is doing—and I find him imaginative, responsible, acute, and decisive: gift exchange is an erotic form essential to creation; commodity exchange is perverse, and "Azure hath a canker by usura . . ."

Lewis Hyde's politics is a radical conservatism. Throughout *The Gift* there is rage at the enclosure of common land, at Roman law replacing canon law, at commerce, avarice, and all Whiggery. He is sympathetic to the Anabaptists and the anarchism that followed from them. He stands with Thomas Münzer as martyr against Luther, Calvin, and the saints of money. Capitalism and its Reformation embody a fall from grace —the original miraculous unearned gift.

Hyde does not waste our time suggesting that we re-institute the Middle Ages, any more than he advocates that we turn into Uduks of northeast Africa, whose gift exchange he cites as example. *The Gift* sketches the *idea* of gift exchange with anecdotes from history and anthropology, with interpretation of fairy tales by a roughly Jungian method, and with examples and analogies from everywhere. His mill finds grist in films, in classic myths, in the program of Alcoholics Anonymous, in jokes, in a newspaper report on television advertising, and in the latest edition of Emily Post. One of the delights in reading *The Gift* is formal: we observe the deft amalgamation of the apparently unamalgamable.

Although Hyde's implicit politics resembles the radical conservatism of G. K. Chesterton or Ezra Pound, he is aware that utopian or paradisal politics, translated into action, may end by

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endorsing Mussolini. Several times in *The Gift* he seems to approach notions of political action: then he reminds us (and I suppose himself) that gift exchange works only with small populations. The social model of gift exchange finds no congenial political form in a mass society. But Hyde's cherishing or celebration of the model is not merely nostalgic. To choose the life of the gift over the life of the commodity is to choose eros over the sterility of accumulation and scarcity economics. Nature's increase finds analogue in the esemplastic power of the imagination, which combines and increases. The gift exchange, both erotic and aesthetic, provides a realizable ethic.

In discovery of this ethic, Hyde must continually address himself to "the old lovers' quarrel between liberty and community." In the liberty that we love we also find, alas, "the perfect freedom of strangers—that pure individualism which is corrosive to social life . . ." He is careful not to overlook these problems, but perhaps he writes best when he is most prophetic:

> The desire to consume is a kind of lust. We long to have the world flow through us like air or food. We are thirsty and hungry for something that can only be carried inside bodies. But consumer goods merely bait this lust, they do not satisfy it. The consumer of commodities is invited to a meal without passion, a consumption that leads to neither satiation nor fire. He is a stranger seduced into feeding on the drippings of someone else's capital without benefit of its inner nourishment, and he is hungry at the end of the meal, depressed and weary as we all feel when lust has dragged us from the house and led us to nothing.

But *The Gift*'s vision of paradise is as stirring as its vision of hell:

> The passage into mystery always refreshes. If, when we work, we can look once a day upon the face of the mystery, then our labor satisfies. We are lightened when our gifts rise from pools we cannot fathom. Then we know they are not a solitary egotism and they are inexhaustible. Anything contained within a boundary must contain as well its own exhaustion. The most perfectly balanced gyroscope slowly winds down. But when the gift passes out of sight and then returns, we are enlivened. Material goods pull us down into their bones unless their fat is singed occasionally. It is when the world flames a bit in our peripheral vision that it brings us jubilation and not depression . . .

Finally, *The Gift* is a work of literature—which is also about literature. While the first half outlines the nature of gift exchange, the second half consists largely of chapters on Walt Whitman and Ezra Pound. The best part of the book is the essay on Whitman; and when Hyde writes on Pound, he brilliantly connects Pound's poetry, character, and economic ideas. Still, one would not want to call this book "literary criticism." It is about how to live our lives. □

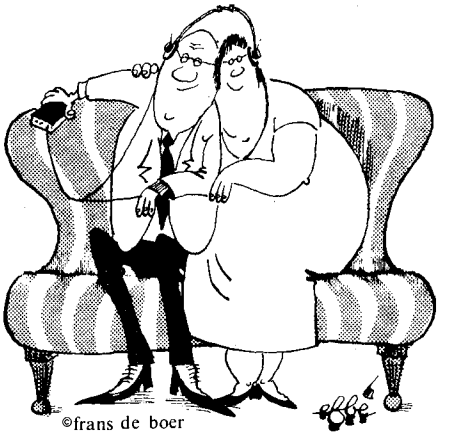
Paderewski
By Adam Zamoyski
Atheneum, 289 pp., $19.95

Schindler's List
By Thomas Keneally
Simon & Schuster, 398 pp., $17.95

POLAND POSSESSED

SELDEN RODMAN

The most tragically abused of nations, Poland suffered devastations beyond imagining in this century's two world wars. As an already-abused satrapy of Imperial Russia for almost a hundred years, Poland during World War I became the battleground for the armies of Germany, Russia, and the Austro-Hungarian Empire, emerging with its industries, forests, and farms destroyed, only to be hit again by the Bolshevik invasion and then set upon by the conniving powers at the Paris Peace Conference, which carved it up anew to satisfy the claims of Czechoslovakia—and defeated Germany. Hardly had the new and indefensible nation emerged from that trauma than it was carved up once more by the merciless juggernauts of Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union, and subjected to the horrors that the world still remembers. Tragedies do have a way of bringing out the best in men, as well as the worst, and it is the virtue of these books that they call attention to two heroes of humanity who had been virtually forgotten.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The hero of Poland in World War I and its aftermath was the mildest of men and unlikeliest of heroes, Ignace Jan Paderewski, the composer and virtuoso of the keyboard who electrified audiences all over the world in the early decades of this century. The first half of Zamoyski's definitive biography tells the story of the young Pole's rise to the summit of his profession as a pianist, and of his triumphs on six continents; but the emphasis here is properly on the will power and personal magnetism with which the young Paderewski made himself what he became from most unpromising beginnings. "He hated to see sadness in others as much as he avoided it in himself; he wanted people happy around him, and often went out of his way to make them so." His generosity was as legendary as his vitality and physical beauty.

It was in the aftermath of World War I that Paderewski became a hero. He began by giving concerts for Polish relief, but when Poland desperately needed a premier who stood above internal politics and had the confidence of the Allied powers, he accepted the job—reluctantly. At the Peace Conference he performed miracles of diplomacy to prevent another dismemberment of Poland, but was not able to do enough to make his country truly strong and free. The idealistic Paderewski was no match for Lloyd George and Clemenceau—or for the military dictator Pilsudski, who had thrown back the Russians. Pilsudski made deals with the Germans only to have his successors switch sides to France and England in time to be gobbled up by Hitler.

An even more unlikely hero, and a much cannier one, was Oskar Schindler, a German business freebooter who came to Cracow with the Nazis in 1939, and had his kind heart wakened—and steeled—by the horrors he witnessed. Schindler began his subversion of the Nazi system by setting up a lucrative hardware and armaments factory and making it little by little a refuge for the damned. Despite repeated arrests by the SS, he persevered, bribing minor officials, impressing them with his *machis-*

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mo and wit. When the Russian armies approached and the Nazis stepped up their mad campaign to exterminate the Jews and Poles, Schindler pulled off his most remarkable feat. He had his whole factory and its inmates removed to his hometown, Brinnlitz, in the Sudetenland —on the bogus grounds that it would continue there safely to produce essential arms for the dwindling war effort. Actually the plant produced nothing. And Schindler even talked his deluded sponsors into letting him spring the Jewish women who had been detached from his train, just as they were about to be gassed at Auschwitz. All were released into American hands when the war ended, and in their moment of triumph at Brinnlitz, they treated their SS guards with more mercy than they deserved—a lesson in humanity that the victims had learned from their easy-going but indomitable savior.

The Australian novelist Thomas Keneally tells his fantastic story in novel form but with impeccable documentation. His sources are the survivors themselves, and the archives in Tel Aviv, where Schindler is revered as a hero of the Jewish liberation. □

SOUND ON DISC

NOSTALGIA: A TRIPLE HELPING

RALPH de TOLEDANO

Forgive me if I seem always to write about jazz as if it were an exalted art form. It can be and has been, much like the jam sessions in seventeenth century Rome that the scholar Arnold Dolmetsch discovered for us—jam sessions at which Frescobaldi, the organist at St. Peter's, was a Fats Waller of his time. But jazz is much more and much less than an art form. It is a backdrop for the dance; it is commentary; it is entertainment. Like all art, jazz speaks in many voices and in many degrees of purity, reaching many levels. Who would compare a Glenn Miller recording to a Haydn trio? Or to a Louis Armstrong Hot Five session, for that matter? Yet the bands of the swing era discoursed in a musical *lingua franca* deriving its cadence and its mode from jazz, and they touched all our lives.

The recordings of the *real* and the *almost* caught it—on the wing, as it were. For a time those recordings were the solace of the few who had saved the old shellacs—a small hoard diminished by the carelessness of moving men who shunted the packing cases as if they contained rocks. And there were other forms of attrition. I still mourn the hundreds of records I gave away before answering the country's call to uniform in the early 1940s.

THAT TREASURE TROVE of nostalgia is gone—never to return. But weep not for Adonais. Much of the great jazz and the swing-era music survives in the vaults of the recording companies—and much of it is being reissued on unbreakable vinyl. We can argue with the reissuers for not including this or that nostalgia-drenched performance, but then one man's meat is sometimes another man's ho-hum. When Greek meets Greek, they used to say, you end up with three political parties—and so it is with jazz. You can argue, as I will not do, with the inclusion of this or the exclusion of that selection in the three helpings of nostalgia on which I comment. But you will want them, just as I do.

Let me begin with the second in the series of *The Greatest Jazz Recordings of All Time*, issued by the Franklin Mint Record Society (Franklin Center, Pa. 19091) and selected from the archives of the Institute of Jazz Studies at Rutgers by Dan Morgenstern, the director. (Get on board, little chillun!) The focus here is on the vocalists who stood before the big bands of the 1930s and 1940s. Some of these singers —Bing Crosby, Ella Fitzgerald, Ethel Waters—went on to become headliners. But they all had one thing in common. They all felt the jazz beat and had the jazz phrasing. They took the Tin Pan Alley product—and I do not sneer at it—and gave it that added something. So if you want to go back to Maxine Sullivan, to Helen Ward, or to many of the other fine vocalists of the big-band era, these four LPs are for you.

The other two offerings are a *Jazz History* in two albums of ten LPs each, issued by Blue Angel (1738 Allied Street, Charlottesville, Va. 22901), the recording company that gave us the collected Bix Beiderbecke, Jelly Roll Morton, and Bessie Smith. Actually, "jazz history" is something of a misnomer for this an-

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thology, since that gives an impression of touching all the bases. (The Franklin Mint reissues should, when completed, be able to lay claim to this title.) The Blue Angel offering is instead a kind of *sucre d'or* of jazz—large gobbles of this or that period of musicianship, with no thought to a systematic traversal of all the periods and all the trends.

That, indeed, is its great virtue. For in this sampler, you will find the rollicking sides that Benny Goodman cut with such jazz masters as Jack Teagarden, in the days before he became the King of Swing. Those wonderfully evocative Sidney Bechet dates in which, with the robust yet sensitive trumpet of Muggsy Spanier, he called on the New Orleans tradition are included. There is much of that most danceable of big bands, the Glenn Miller aggregation. Louis Armstrong's Carnegie Hall jazz concerts are here, along with a number of those affecting sides he cut over the years with his own band or with a variety of top-drawer jazz musicians.

Jazz History finds house room for the great blues singers—the deep-throated Ma Rainey (who pointed Bessie Smith in the right direction), Chippie Hill and Ida Cox and Bessie herself. Some of the best of Jelly Roll can be found here, along with the jazzin' Bing Crosby in his Whiteman days and the early and later Ella Fitzgerald. Yes, and even Tommy Dorsey, whose trombone technique so outdistanced his jazz sense. But that is not all, for you will find one LP devoted to Duke Ellington and another to the Count Basie band—and still another to that gut-reaching gospel singer, Mahalia Jackson.

For those who came in late and who are now working at building a jazz library, the *Jazz History* is a *must*. It will be a happy supplement to the albums being systematically issued by the Franklin Mint. For me it is nostalgia, but for others it will be discovery, and very rewarding discovery at that.

A NOTE. I read in *The New Yorker* that the jazz writings of Otis Ferguson have been collected in book form. Ferguson appeared in *The New Republic* between 1936 and 1941. He was a commentator on the jazz scene who brought sensitivity and warmth to the subject. His piece on Jess Stacy is a classic and I included it in my own *Frontiers of Jazz*, now out of print. There was a lyricism and a stabbing perceptiveness in his jazz writing that others—John O'Hara included—missed.

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The GIMLET EYE

SEWER BALL

D. KEITH MANO

Street sewer ball could be hazardous as Roman manhunts. The field was more or less an ice-cream cone in shape. Almost everything hit went foul. Foul into a coal chute (soot ball), into a dog's mouth (spit ball), into a baby carriage (immediate confiscation), through a shut apartment window (end game and call your parole officer). Local tradesmen harassed us: we were thought bad for sidewalk traffic (and I suppose that was true enough). Lum Fong, who had a laundry, would jam any Spaldeen he caught under the steam press. Blap: Chinese home run. Looked like a giant piece of Dubble Bubble left overnight on a giant bedpost. Maybe one sewer ball play per half-hour was continuous. To cover for this general inertia my friend Gooch would do the Ballantine three-ring-sign commercial or interview himself. Home plate and second base, I needn't tell you, were mid-street sewers. But first and third had to be curbside, and that meant a car would park over my position by the second inning. Then our field got even narrower. But what other choice did poor Thayer Street kids have? Only rich children could afford a sandlot. You note that they don't hold the Mayor's Trophy Game to support sewer ball.

For a major inter-street contest—against Dongan Place, say—we would play red-light ball on Sherman Avenue. The advantage, of course, was width. You could go to your left without running over an I-cash-clothes man or falling down some open sidewalk elevator. The disadvantage was obvious as well: a Daytona 500 line-up of ten or 15 cars set to take out your second baseman permanently when red went green. Talk about sacrificing. Our rule was that each at-bat had to be completed while lights were red. A foul usually meant out, you'd never retrieve your ball in time. And after each batter both teams would barrel, sprint, slide, powder off Sherman Avenue. It was somewhat like trying to build a sand castle in heavy surf.

One red-light game almost ended up as check-out time for me. I tried to score from first on a line-drive single hit high off the upper façade of Mr. Farber's wife. I was cutting third base hard, driven by peer pressure and Angst. At home the catcher set up to tag me, bent down, hesitated—and ran away like a five-second fuse. I slid in head first. And then it got all sudden and shady. There were *scree*-ing noises such as I expect to hear again on my deathbed. The bumper of a Chevy appeared overhead. Drips from some radiator leak fell on me. It was so close that a front tire actually pinned my shirt sleeve to the asphalt. Safe. Just. The driver, furious (and terrified I dare say), tore off strips of his own chrome window panel and gave me a desultory spanking with them. I didn't mind at all. Don't tell me to go play in heavy traffic, friends. The kid has been there.

BUT TELEPHONE BALL was my favorite. Ma Bell had this thuggish-looking calzone-squat substation on Thayer Street. (For Gooch it became a crafts supply outlet. He made his fall and spring collection of belts and watch bands from stolen umpteen-colored switchboard wire.) Two could play telephone ball. Across Thayer Street we painted several square strike zones on the Wigwam Tavern wall. These, unfortunately, were for taller children: belt high came around my part line. I can still be snookered by a fast one up and in. The substation sat four stories tall. Above floor one was a single. Above two was a double. Above three was a triple. Above four was the roof—what did you expect? A ground-rule snafu. Say good-night, Gracie, and go watch Buffalo Bob on your four-inch Dumont.

When enough balls had been roofed, we'd pay Mouse to shinny up the human ladder. Mouse was three foot nine and light as a dishonest butcher's weight. He stuck to blank masonry like Velcro. In case the police came before he could get down, Mouse took some comics and a peanut-butter sandwich with him. Each window, understand, was caged over and quite climbable. Between floors, however, you ran into a five- or six-foot gap. Fishbrain Howie would heave to the top of cage one. Then Gooch or Roach or Clam or I would scale him. On Howie's thick neck we could just reach the second cage. Repeat at floor three. Finally Mouse would glide up over us: so gentle he didn't climb, he *aspired*. He alone had sweetbreads enough to tackle the dangerous roof overhang. This all took about one minute. Still, it was hard to look blasé while 15 telephone operators inside screamed and beat at their base make-up. They were afraid for us. The police weren't. They would knock Howie, our bottom rung, off—then we'd have no choice but to hump it up, hand-helped by Mouse, and share his sandwich on the roof while waiting for a squad-car excursion tour.

Today, even with snazzy, die-cut equipment available, I seldom drive through street stickball games. (There is some dull-as-Mylanta action in the schoolyard: no windows to break or pregnant women to walk across.) A sense of neighborhood has been lost. Childhood allegiance, for me, was to street, God, and nation. In that order: God or the U.S. Marine Corps never stood up for me when Fat Stash and Bluto from Nagle Avenue played siloogie with my hat. Children today don't depend on a Gooch to organize their play. My own boys play CYO and Little League. Responsible adults, each of whom is trying to retrieve his or her short athletic past, supervise them. Far as I know neither child has hung from a substation wall or hookslid under Buicks or gotten shin-splinted by irritable policemen. And you wonder what is happening to the young generation. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

OPERA ON RECORD, *edited by Alan Blyth (Harper & Row, 663 pp., $11.50 paper).* Alan Blyth's *Opera on Record*, an anthology of essays about important recordings—past and present, complete sets and individual numbers—of more than fifty standard-repertory operas, is the best browser's book of its kind to come along since John Steane's *The Grand Tradition*. Nearly all the obvious choices are covered, with only two serious omissions: Berg and Janáček. (An essay on *Peter Grimes* is partial compensation for these critical gaps.) Some of the essays in *Opera on Record* are inevitably better than others, with Andrew Porter's *Norma* piece and David Hamilton's lucid discussion of performance traditions in *Boris Godunov* the clear standouts, and Rodney Milnes's slightly flippant discussion of *Car-*

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men the least satisfying of the lot. However, the contributors generally maintain a remarkably high level of quality throughout. Veterans will particularly enjoy the commentaries on early 78 recordings, while novices can pick up lots of reliable tips on such matters as which *Bohème* to grab and which *Tristan* to dodge (Beecham and Solti, respectively). The reader will, of course, take umbrage every twenty pages or so, but that's all part of the fun. Now if someone will just explain firmly to Charles Osborne why he's all wet about Callas's Lucia . . .

TERRY TEACHOUT

ONE FELL SOUP, *or, I'm Just a Bug on the Windshield of Life, by Roy Blount Jr. (Atlantic-Little, Brown, 278 pp., $13.95).* Roy Blount Jr. is multifarious. He is also a very funny writer, and in this book he collects more than fifty pieces of fiction, journalism, and verse, and lets them "join gravies," as he puts it, defending such collections. "Occasionally, you will find a reference to 'this column,'" Blount writes in his introduction. "Well? I have had a regular column somewhere, off and on, since I was 15. . . . Sometimes in conversations with family and friends, or even just out in the woods nude, glowing eerily, late at night alone, I will refer to myself as 'this column.' But it doesn't make me feel monolithic." This prepares you for what follows: Blount's style is to begin a story in an understated, dead-pan sort of way and continually raise the ante. Among his subjects are ballooning; Muhammad Ali's corner man, Ferdie Pacheco; newspaper stylebooks; batting practice; and MacArthur Foundation grants. He offers songs to bacon, grease, oysters, ham, catfish, pie, okra, and grits, and relates an Alice-in-Wonderland nightmare about the proliferation of special-interest magazines. He reprints his 1980 piece recommending a presidential sports profile, because "every recent President can be definitively summed up in light of his sports involvement," cautioning, "there is always the chance that someone might forget and take John Anderson seriously again." And he regards with some dismay baseball pitcher Jim Palmer's posing for Jockey underwear ads, wondering at last: "How would Jimmy Cannon have handled this story? 'You're Jim Palmer. You're in a magazine and your shorts are getting smaller and smaller.' No. Jimmy Cannon couldn't have handled this story. He would have thrown up his hands and lapsed into a few of his 'Nobody asked me, but . . .' observations, such as, 'I don't like Boston because all the men look like me.' If Jimmy Cannon couldn't cover it, then the hell with it." Roy Blount Jr. is a berserker with the printed word.

JOE MYSAK

THE RIGHT BOOKS

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

NEVER MIND that, statistically speaking, campus revolutionaries are almost as scarce today as Latin scholars or goldfish-swallowers; the Sixties radicals expect to be their own inheritors, o'er-leaping the generation between. As Tom Hayden puts it:

> It's coming; we're going to take over. The last few Administrations have all been controlled by the generation of World War II. The next big generation will be those who came to political life during Vietnam. My generation. The country will be under our influence for a long time to come.

Australia looks better every day.

Tom Hayden discovered politics at Ann Arbor in the late Fifties. He participated in civil-rights demonstrations in the South, traveled to Berkeley, and learned about migrant workers and nuclear weapons. He became a leader of the SDS and traveled to Hanoi in 1965 with Herbert Aptheker, the Communist historian, and Staughton Lynd. He returned an antiwar celebrity and was tried with the Chicago Seven on charges of conspiracy and incitement to riot. Upon his acquittal, he formed a commune called the Red Family, whose members never quite decided whether it was an act of bourgeois privatism to close the bathroom door.

Hayden supported the Weathermen and bought gas masks for the Black Panthers. In 1971 he met Jane Fonda at an antiwar rally in Ann Arbor and discovered that she was better than her movies. They were married in 1973. In 1976, Hayden entered the Democratic senatorial primary in California; he lost, but converted his campaign staff into an organization called the Committee for Economic Democracy (CED), which grew to be a power in California by forging alliances with Governor Jerry Brown and other politicians. Today Hayden wears business suits, or designer jeans and jogging shoes, and discourages mention of his revolutionary past while posing as just another liberal Democrat working within the system.

In *New Force on the Left: Tom Hayden and the Campaign against Corporate America* (Hoover Institution Press, Stanford University, Stanford, Calif.; $6.95) John H. Bunzel asks what is going on here; his conclusion is to the point. "Tom Hayden," he suggests,

> is attempting to bridge the gulf between a revolutionary who operated outside the political system and a radical-left politician who is portraying himself as a mainstream liberal working from within. Ideologically, he is bent on turning the revolutionary slogans of the 1960s into the left-liberal common sense of the 1980s. Organizationally, he wants to transform the amorphous New Left into an active political faction operating openly within the California Democratic Party.

He is going about his task with a ruthlessness that offends even liberals. Tom Hayden, Gore Vidal is supposed to have said, "is starting to give opportunism a bad name."

HAYDEN'S PLAN is to take over Santa Monica (already partly accomplished); next California; after that America; finally the world. He organizes around constituencies rather than ideas, and he starts locally, in accordance with recent radic-lib strategy, which seeks to beat states' rights, the New Federalism, and local control on their own ground. His method is to stir up feelings on populist issues, and then insinuate anti-capitalist, anti-corporate themes to give his party weight. Just as in the Sixties he used the antiwar movement as a convenient vehicle, so today he uses the "quality of life" issue as his Trojan horse; he is also not above piggy-backing on the current fear of "big government," although Bunzel shows that the only thing Hayden has against big government is that he doesn't have a pocket big enough to put it in yet.

Although his half-baked Hollywood moralizing is unappealing to poor folks, blacks, and Mexicans, Hayden is a power now in California. As a former aide to Governor Brown said, "He has the troops, and he has the funds. You ignore him at your own peril." □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Reagan at Orlando

On The Right

New York, March 21—Although it sometimes seems as if everybody has commented on Mr. Reagan's speech in Orlando to the evangelicals, mostly to deplore it, it isn't by any means clear to the student who reads the entire text what exactly all the fuss is about. The columnist Anthony Lewis is so irate one fears for his health. Granted, if one could harness the day-to-day indignation of Tony Lewis one could solve the energy crisis. But he seems to be saying, in that dyspeptic blur, that President Ronald Reagan, on March 8, 1983, denounced as ungodly everyone who favors a freeze on nuclear armaments.

Well, if that's all there is to worry about, the remedy is simple. He didn't. Mr. Reagan did indeed say that "there is sin and evil in the world," a statement that, unhappily, deserves no headline. And he did say that "we are enjoined by Scripture and the Lord Jesus to oppose it with all our might." And that also is true. He did not, as Lewis insists, and as the eloquent Hugh Sidey of *Time* magazine suggests, go so far as to say that, in all matters, Americans are blameless. On the contrary, he followed the line above with the statement, "Our nation, too, has a legacy of evil with which it must deal." Did he then, as Mr. Sidey charges, act as one of those "self-anointed soldiers of God armed with unbending judgments about who and what are good and moral"? Yes, but surely Mr. Reagan did this in a way that not only is consistent with American tradition, but enhances that tradition, namely, by reaffirming our belief that some things are right, others wrong; that a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that we make clear why we think some things right, others wrong; and that we proceed, to continue quoting from the Declaration of Independence, "with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence."

Mr. Reagan's speech touched on a number of matters, including prayer in the public schools, abortion, sex education, and other matters presumptively interesting to a gathering of evangelicals. On the matter of the Soviet Union he stressed a point of indispensable relevance at every level of current negotiations. If at West Point one half of the cadets asserted that there was no higher morality than getting back an examination with a good grade, the honor system would not work. Mr. Reagan, as leader of the Free World, does well to remind us that we are dealing with men explicitly bound to the proposition that the morality of advancing world revolution is superordinated to any other morality. Much flows from this, for instance the emphasis we need to place on verification in any move toward mutual disarmament. The notion, propagated by Anthony Lewis, that Reagan was in effect telling us that God prefers chocolate ice cream over tutti-frutti is, well, nutti.

THERE IS, in fact, a noble analogue to what Mr. Reagan was attempting. Just after delivering his second inaugural address, Abraham Lincoln replied to an enthusiast that he did not expect that the speech would prove immediately popular. "Men are not flattered by being shown that there has been a difference of purpose between the Almighty and them. It is a truth which I thought needed to be told." The allusion was, of course, to those in the Union who believed in slavery, even as our opponents in the Soviet Union believe in slavery, although while the men around Jefferson Davis prayed to God for help, those around Andropov caught doing so would cease to be those around Andropov. But Lincoln's analysis, not unlike Reagan's, mutatis mutandis, alluded to "the progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends." Reagan said that the survival of the Union for which Lincoln fought depends significantly on our being strong. Lincoln said that in the dispute in which we were involved, "Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish." So is it today, again, the necessary changes having been made.

And Lincoln said, "If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South, this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him?"

And Reagan asks, If we shall suppose that the inhumanity of Communism is one of those awful blights that God has tolerated, let us accept the burdens and the sacrifices necessary to keep ourselves whole until the working of Divine Providence releases from bondage the peoples currently enslaved.

To the extent that we need to suffer in order to remain free, the lapidary resignation of Abraham Lincoln, inscribed on the wall of his memorial in Washington, would describe the resignation of Ronald Reagan in every respect: "As was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'" □

PENTAGON AT BAY

New York, March 28—The uproar over Pentagon spending poses for conservatives who put a high priority on military preparedness a number of questions, some of them not at all easily answered. On these, a few reflections.

1. The quarrel—now almost classic, in that it has been going on since the days of Defense Secretary McNamara—between what one might call light/cheap/modest and heavy/expensive/sophisticated is not easily solved by pointing out obvious dilemmas. *Time* magazine, in its interesting rundown on Pentagon issues, points to an anti-tank bazooka the design for which projected a per-item cost of $75. Enter what enemies call "the tinkerers," and others call "the refiners." The objective was to lighten the weapon and reduce its blast, so that infantrymen could more easily handle it. The result was that the bazooka grew in cost to $787. But also that its power was reduced, and now it cannot penetrate the front part of a tank. So what the Pentagon people have done is simply rethink its function, so that it sits about as a vague side-entry tank-harassment weapon. From which we are to deduce what?

It is unsafe to say that the tinkerers should not have got into the picture at all. Because a realized weapon sometimes turns out to be no good. It should then either be tinkered with, or be discarded. To do the former is very expensive (accounting, by some estimates, for as much as 50 per cent of overruns), but it is an expense enormously appreciated in con-

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tingent circumstances. If that extra speed of 5 per cent, or maneuverability of 2 per cent, adds up to the survival of the American pilot and the death of his adversary, it is a difference that can be rejected only after solemn deliberation.

And on the other hand, to discard the weapon turns out to be difficult, because every weapon tends to develop its own constituency, for reasons material and sentimental. This is a complicated business. When the Edsel was developed and it transpired that the Ford Motor Company had laid an awful egg, why the egg was simply discontinued. The meliorists tend to argue, persuasively, that a different branch of the Pentagon from the one that initiated any given weapon should evaluate it, and the idea makes sense.

2. But strategies designed to disassemble military-industrial constituencies do not cope with the political problem. This one is nicely summarized in the *Time* news story in a single paragraph: "Indeed, the scramble for goodies for the folks back home often seems to be the overriding concern of many members of Congress. Even those doves who argue most for defense cuts have their pet interests: House Speaker Tip O'Neill and Senator Edward Kennedy support the F-18 because its engine is built in Massachusetts; Senator Alan Cranston supports the B-1 because its prime contractor is based in California; Senator Carl Levin supports the M-1 tank, built in Michigan; Senator William Proxmire, who likes to hand out 'Golden Fleece' awards to others, added $100 million to the defense budget last year by winning approval for a new minesweeper to be built—where else?—in Wisconsin."

3. We have, in short, the democratic problem, with which we ought to be familiar by now, and notwithstanding which we have muddled through for more than two hundred years. Enter the proposal that chiefs of staff should detach themselves from the services in which they were trained (to detach the naval judge from the navy), and that they should be appointed by the chairman of the joint chiefs (to impose a coherent loyalty of purpose), who, of course, would be appointed by the President.

Here, it would seem to me, one would find oneself moving in the correct direction. One needs, in the evaluation of the military, something that submits to criteria more solomonic than those generated by senators seeking re-election, corporations seeking profits, and admirals seeking floating pyramids. It would take time to establish a sense of tradition for a liberated joint chiefs of staff operating under the guidance of independent evaluative tribunals. But that is the direction in which we should head. Because meanwhile we have,

4. A great deal to fear from polemical opportunists. Just as there are presumably people around who would like to transform a survey indicating progressive illiteracy in the public schools into an argument for eliminating the public schools, so there are crypto-castrators around who want to transform one cost overrun into an army composed of men with broomsticks, mobilized for two months during the summer. Mr. Reagan owes us a little leadership on these matters. □

ARTHUR KOESTLER, RIP

Rougemont, March 9 —Of all the Christian commandments, surely the most taxing intellectually is that which prohibits suicide. The case against suicide in certain circumstances this writer accepts only as an article of faith. The rationale has always seemed to me beyond the reach of finite minds: which delivers us to those areas that Christianity describes as "mysteries." What brings this on, of course, is the joint suicide of Arthur Koestler and his wife, Cynthia.

Their death was consummated with extraordinary dignity. Koestler and his wife were discovered, according to the news story, seated in separate chairs in the living room. It was known that Koestler, age 77, was suffering from leukemia and from Parkinson's disease. Also that he was a vice president of an organization called the Voluntary Euthanasia Society, to whose principal publication Koestler had contributed the introduction. In it he made the point that it is not the nature of human beings to die "peacefully and without fuss," as so many animals do, and that therefore—he implied—when the time came, he would attend to his own extinction.

We do not know why his wife shared whatever poison did them in. Cynthia was twenty years younger and was not suffering, so far as one knows, from any disabling disease. I turned to a volume of letters from Whittaker Chambers published almost 15 years ago. Chambers in this letter (addressed to me) was describing a visit with Koestler at his Austrian eyrie in Alpbach, near Innsbruck, in 1959. One night Koestler was recounting his experiences on the occasion when he escaped from a Nazi jail in France during the war.

"He was with Benjamin, the mentor and analyst of Bertolt Brecht [Chambers wrote]. Benjamin planned to walk across the Pyrenees. K could not go through Spain because of his death sentence during the Civil War. Since neither expected to make it, Benjamin shared his most precious possession with K: a massive dose of morphine. In our time, I think, it has become true that there is no greater love than that a man share his poison with his friend." Mrs. Koestler elected not to live without Arthur, so he shared his morphine with her.

Iain Hamilton of Great Britain has written a life of Koestler mysteriously invisible in the bookstores, for reasons the Macmillan Company has never made plain. Koestler was one of the totally interesting men of our age, whose penetration of the Communist mind and soul brought forth a masterpiece. "If you re-read *Darkness at Noon* at this late hour," Whittaker Chambers wrote me in 1959, "you will see how true of it, too, this is"—i.e., that it is a book of poetry. "I re-read it recently. I came to the part where, after his breakdown, Rubashov is permitted a few minutes of air in the prison yard. Beside him trots the Central Asian peasant who has been jailed because, 'at the pricking of the children,' the peasant and his wife had barricaded themselves in their house and 'unmasked themselves as reactionaries.' Looking sidewise at Rubashov in his sly peasant way, he says: 'I do not think they have left much of Your Honor and me.' Then, in the snow of the prison yard and under the machine-gun towers, he remembers how it was when the snow melted in the mountains of Asia and flowed in torrents. Then they drive the sheep into the hills, rivers of them, 'so many that Your Honor could not count them all.' I cannot go on reading because I can no longer see the words. To think that any man of my time could have written anything so heart-tearingly beautiful, 'wonderful, causing tears.' This is what makes K so precious to me; not the little man whom so many people find cranky, and for whom one must sometimes make allowances. But this pure [poetic] creativity which is more than, by taking thought, he could evoke."

Koestler and Chambers were once fellow revolutionaries. And when Whittaker Chambers published his book *Witness*, 11 years after *Darkness at Noon*, he received from Koestler a single line: "You did not return from Hell with empty hands." Koestler wrote many books on many subjects. But *Darkness at Noon* is a permanent part of our patrimony. It might be said—if Chambers was correct, that the book is a work of poetry—that in the long run Communism and *Darkness at Noon* cannot co-exist. Unhappily, Communism, like human beings, is not likely to die "peacefully and without fuss." □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Some circus performers — 65 73 81 4 41 146

B. An unguent for the skin — 42 67 90 38 55 104 94 44

C. One of these United States — 72 152 56 18

D. *Ransoms* — 75 147 59 141 163 82 17

E. A town in Lemhi County, Idaho — 100 60 116 74 167 88

F. Cultural anthropology — 108 157 45 78 161 20 153 7 113

G. Searches for criminals — 160 89 121 23 133 125 9 138

H. An open declaration or acknowledgment — 24 35 120 70 93 51

I. What the successful tennis-goods salesman did — 34 46 62 83 3 21

J. King of Denmark, 1319-1332 — 165 2 11 27 57 130 68 143 158 170 49 77 119

K. Shakespeare's wife — 169 142 25 101 52 110 164 156

L. An American Revolutionary soldier who got up before breakfast — 32 1 14 47 69 76 98 123 137 162

M. Flowers of the genus *Ranunculus* — 132 64 115 118 126 155 106 128 50 86

N. A town north of Poverty Bay, New Zealand (North Island) — 144 63 92 71 53 99

O. Tendered — 12 43 79 85 5 19 91

P. An inhabitant of one of the nations on the Persian Gulf — 87 102 26 111 33 66 6

Q. What King Claudius probably drank — 112 8 15 37 48 58 84 95 124 145 150

R. A lover of the beautiful in art — 114 105 28 136 36 168 54

S. A large city in the U.S. named for a British statesman — 129 39 135 22 61 10 97 171 149 166

T. Additional persons or things — 131 13 29 159 80 103

U. Supposedly fresh frankfurters — 151 139 127 107 40 30 122

V. What many a piece of mail becomes — 154 31 16 96 109 117 140 148 134

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 454 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 L	2 J	3 I	■	4 A	5 O	6 P	7 F	8 Q	9 G	■	10 S	11 J	12 O	13 T	14 L	15 Q	16 V	17 D
■	18 C	19 O	20 F	21 I	■	22 S	23 G	24 H	25 K	■	26 P	27 J	28 R	29 T	■	30 U	31 V	32 L
■	33 P	34 I	35 H	36 R	37 Q	38 B	39 S	40 U	41 A	■	42 B	43 O	■	44 B	45 F	46 I	■	47 L
48 Q	49 J	50 M	51 H	52 K	53 N	54 R	■	55 B	56 C	57 J	58 Q	■	59 D	60 E	61 S	62 I	63 N	64 M
65 A	66 P	67 B	68 J	69 L	■	70 H	71 N	72 C	73 A	74 E	■	75 D	76 L	77 J	78 F	■	79 O	80 T
81 A	82 D	■	83 I	84 Q	85 O	■	86 M	87 P	88 E	■	89 G	90 B	91 O	■	92 N	93 H	94 E	■
95 Q	96 V	97 S	98 L	99 N	■	100E	101K	102P	103T	■	104B	105R	106M	107U	108F	109V	■	110K
111P	112Q	■	113F	114R	115M	■	116E	117V	118M	119J	120H	121G	122U	■	123L	124Q	125G	126M
127U	■	128M	129S	■	130J	131T	■	132M	133G	134V	■	135S	136R	137L	138G	139U	■	140V
141D	142K	143J	144N	145Q	146A	■	147D	148V	149S	150Q	151U	■	152C	153F	■	154V	155M	156K
■	157F	158J	159T	160G	■	161F	162L	■	163D	164K	165J	166S	■	167E	168R	169K	170J	171S

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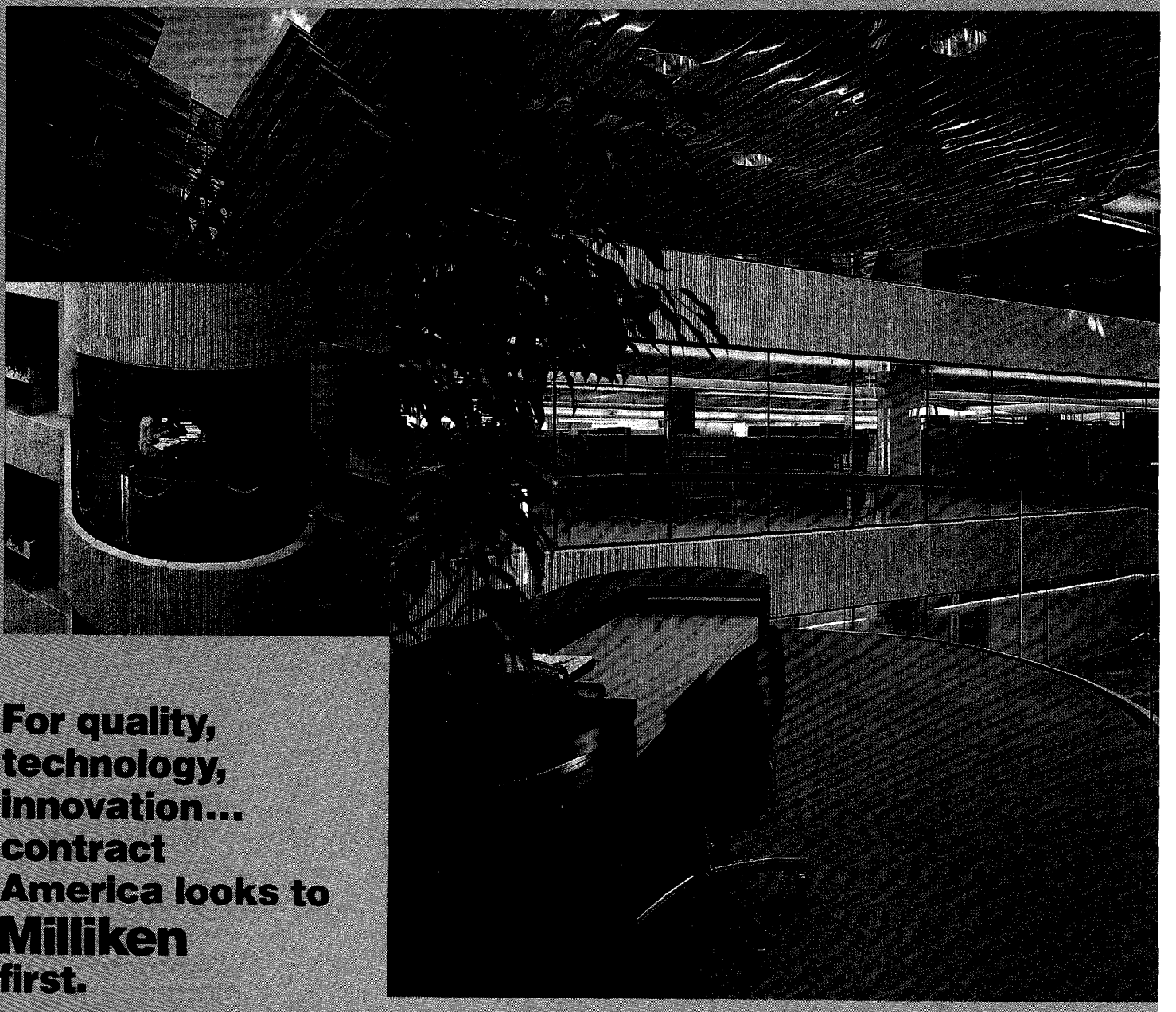

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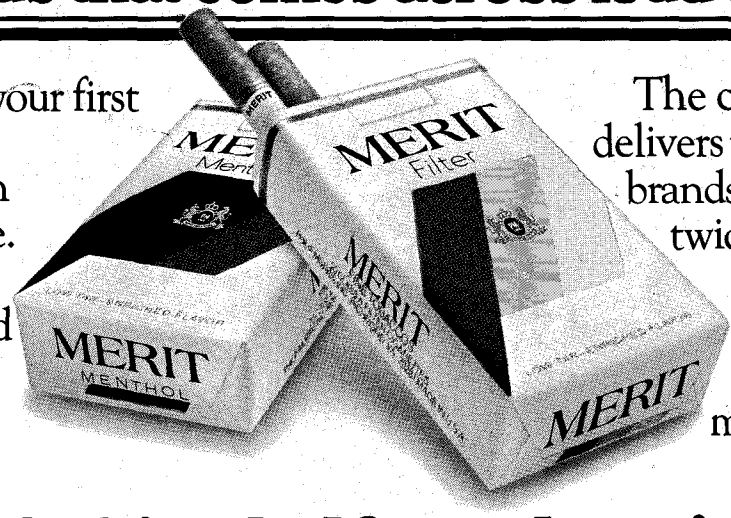

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